

GRANDMA

Begin ROSALIND BRETT'S *Fascinating New Novel*

HOME CHAT

Price in Australia,
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6d.

AND WOMAN'S PICTORIAL

No. 3344 APRIL 25th 1959

★ SEE
SPECIAL
ANNOUNCEMENT
INSIDE

Casual Tops—
**ONE TO KNIT
TWO TO BUY**

*Are You a Good
MOTHER-IN-LAW?*

SEE
INSIDE

Reduce your weight the one safe way

- recommended by doctors

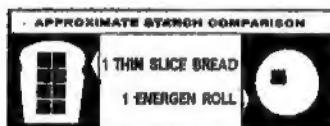
**It's a problem of excess starch...
and Energen Rolls provide the answer**

An excess of starch and sugar is one of the main causes of overweight. If you cut down the starch you eat, you cut down your weight—it's as easy as that. Consumption of starchy foods must obviously be reduced, but this must be done wisely, as any drastic reduction of your food can be dangerous.

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Approved by doctors!

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	FREE BOOKLET The Energen 'Sane Slimming' booklet is a complete guide to safe weight reduction. Write for your FREE copy to: ENERGEN FOODS CO. LTD., DEPT. H.C.2 LONDON, N.W.10.
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ENERGEN STARCH REDUCED ROLLS

The surest way to reduce weight



Slimness makes her look and feel younger!

A year ago, overweight was injuring her health and making her feel older than her years. Now thanks to Energen, she is slim once more—and feeling much younger too! Thousands of women like her have found the Energen way to slimness and health.



Photo: Mirrorpic.

A DELIGHTFUL photograph of the Queen, wearing an enchanting small hat, when greeting the Archbishop of Canterbury at St. Clement Dane's Church in London. It was Her Majesty's birthday on Tuesday, and we send her our loyal greetings and good wishes.

SPRING goes to your head, and most of us are still at the milliners', searching for that little bit of nonsense that does us good.

Margot Fonteyn and I go to the same milliner and this milliner refuses to sell you the wrong hat.

"You can't have that one; it isn't right for you," she says, and whips it off the head with a will. She insists that a hat must have something about it; Evelyn Laye feels that way too.

"A hat's essential," she says. "You can't change your face, so you must change your hat. It should give you confidence; it should, anyway, make you feel pretty and give you an air."

I thought of that when I saw Christina Foyle wearing one of those almost wig-like, fuzzy-wuzzy hats which do so much for a girl. She told me that she felt like Robinson Crusoe in it, but most

home chat

and Woman's Pictorial
April 25th, 1959

certainly she looked like Heaven! One felt that a Robinson Crusoe, who looked like that, couldn't possibly wait long for a Man Friday.

Christina is strikingly like the Queen to look at, and even has the same little mannerisms and airs. They come naturally to her. She has that simple dignity and poise, and that extreme unhurried gentleness, which is such a charm in a girl.

HAVE you thought that the pretty young Queen cannot buy hats as you and I do—glancing in the mirror and choosing the one we like best, because we believe that a bit of what we fancy *does* do us good?

There is a regulation about royal hats; they must never hide the face, or throw too much shadow. The main essential is that they must stay on whatever happens. They must be appealing, but not too startling; individual in style, but not so individual that they will be easily copied.

But there was a State occasion, when she was little Princess Elizabeth, that the Queen's hat did blow off. The little princesses wore rose pink, with large pink chiffon hats, and it was one of those gusty days. Just as the State Landau drove into the gates of the palace—woosh came a gust, and Princess Elizabeth's pink hat took to itself wings and sailed off!

A Guards officer retrieved it and, holding it as though it were something very breakable, handed it in at a side door.

"One hat. With Comps."

Ursula Blore

INTRODUCING, on the
Mediterranean shore,
an embittered young
patient and a kind little
physiotherapist.

SOFT-FOOTED Moors in white cotton trousers and shirt, a black cummerbund at the waist and a red fez covering dark hair, were clearing the trestle tables from the lawn. They carried away soiled napery and gigantic, half-empty dishes, baskets of sweetmeat papers and cigarette butts.

A small, brown-skinned boy crawled about collecting spent matches and other oddments, and another was diving into the long, tiled pool to retrieve whatever the wind had blown in that direction.

By the time it was dark, the formal back gardens of the Hotel Mirador would be as attractively neat as they had been this morning, before outdoor preparations for the Caid's garden party had begun.

Dane Ryland looked down from his balcony. The party had been the usual success—a milling throng in *djellabahs* and turbans. The guests had smoked khaki-coloured cigarettes, eaten pastries and other sweet concoctions, and had drunk mint tea but no wine.

A few French officers had been invited by the Caid. No women

A VIVID NEW NOVEL

HOTEL MIRADOR

were present. In their treatment of women, thought Dane, they had something here in Morocco. Not that he disliked the sex; he merely preferred them to stay where they belonged till he had time for them—which was seldom.

He came in from the balcony, sat down at his desk and signed the letters his secretary had placed there. Then he spoke into the inter-com and gave a few instructions. Before he had finished speaking the small, dark secretary had knocked and entered.

"Well, Maynier?" Dane asked. "Was the Caid satisfied?"

"Extremely, monsieur. He added twenty per cent to the cheque for tips. Is it right to give so much?"

"It has to be, if he insisted."

Maynier smiled, and shrugged.

"Very well. There are one or two things. The Americans in Suite Fourteen are anxious to remain for three more days. I have told them the suite is already promised, but they say they are willing to pay much more to stay where they are."

Dane considered. He stroked his lean, brown jaw with long, bony fingers.

"Pierre is better at diplomacy with the guests





"*WHY should I look pretty, rather than efficient?*"
Sally asked carefully.

"*Mike is susceptible to a pretty face,*" Dane grinned.
"With a spot more make-up and less clinical-looking
dress you might remind him of what he's missing."

Send one of the desk clerks up with
the bookings."

"And the English girl?"

"Girl?" Dane echoed, fixing
the secretary with a grey-green eye.

"How old is she?"

"She looks very young—not more
than twenty."

"She appeared fairly juvenile in
the photograph, but I imagined it
was faked a bit." He thought for
a moment, looked at his
watch. "I can give her
ten minutes now. Fetch
her, will you? And,
by the way, Maynier..."

"Yes, monsieur?"

"I'm expecting some
sort of message from
Monsieur de Chalain.
See that I get it as soon
as it arrives, will you?"

"Of course." The
secretary picked up the
signed letters. "I'll
bring the English
mademoiselle." He
left the room.

DANE made an entry
on his desk pad.
Then he half-
turned and looked across
the balcony at the trees
which surrounded the

garden, and at the square white minaret beside
the mosque dome which rose behind the trees
against a deep, pansy-blue sky.

This was the most familiar picture he knew in
Shiran, because this was the room in which he
worked and did his thinking, where he hatched
big business with his colleagues and entertained his
friends. It was his office and sitting-room, and it
adjoined his bedroom and bathroom.

Dane liked his apartments, but then he liked
everything about the Hotel Mirador; its opulence
and velvet-smooth running, the soundless closing
of the doors, the excellent food and swift valet-
service, the quiet, discreet staff.

It had taken him four years to transform the old
Mirador of twenty rooms and smelly back quarters
into the luxury block of rooms and suites it was
to-day. Not bad, particularly as he had handled
a good deal of other business as well.

He lit a cigarette and made another note on the
desk pad. There came the secretary's familiar
tap on the door, his voice saying:

"Mademoiselle, you will please enter."

(Continued on next page.)

BY ROSALIND BRETT

than I am. What about Suite One?"

"They leave the day after to-morrow. Then it
is free for only four days."

"And Seven?"

The little, middle-aged Frenchman lifted an
expressive eyebrow.

"Had you forgotten, monsieur? The woman
from England has Suite Seven." He paused
pointedly. "She is not very pleased that you
have not been able to see her yet. I told her you
had been unusually busy with the Caid, but
obviously she thought it a poor excuse."

"Heavens, I'd forgotten her," Dane said.
"About those Americans—tell them I shall
probably be able to arrange it in the morning."

HE was a hard man and he was lonely—as the self-centred always must be. He needed a wife to make him human, she thought. The candidates were beginning to line up.



HOTEL MIRADOR.

(Continued from previous page.)

The door closed behind Maynier. Dane stood up, and deliberately looked the girl over. She wore pale pink linen with a stiff white collar, flat white shoes which made her legs look long and brown, and a tiny steel-coloured wrist-watch on a thin wrist. She was a string-bean of a girl, though her hair was good: bronze and slightly wavy.

"Miss Yorke?" he said. "I'm Dane Ryland. Sit down, will you?"

She did so, and looked at him with candid blue eyes.

"Am I being interviewed?"

"Of course not." He sat down himself. "I'm sorry I wasn't able to see you when you arrived."

"That was three hours ago."

"Yes, I know. You were met at the airport all right, weren't you?" he asked.

"Thank you, yes."

"I'd have met you myself, but we've had a big day here and I couldn't get away. I made certain that you'd be met, taken to your rooms and served with a meal. Are you satisfied with your suite?"

A tiny glint came into the girl's eyes; perhaps she had noticed the trace of sarcasm.

"It will do," she said coolly. "I'd like to know what you expect of me."

"That's natural." Dane leaned forward in his chair with his forearms along the immaculate crease of his off-white linen slacks. "Before you came, I knew exactly what I wanted of you, but now I'm not so sure. How old are you, Miss Yorke?"

"Twenty-three."

"How long is it since you qualified in physiotherapy?"

"Only eighteen months, but I did lots of practical work during my training, and since then I've been with the Beckmoor Orthopaedic Home."

"You look a bit willowy for such hard work," Dane remarked.

"If you have only one patient for me, Mr. Ryland, the next two or three months will be the easiest

I've had since I chose my career. I'm as strong as an ox."

"We'll see. You understand what sort of job this is, I suppose?"

"The doctor you contacted in England vetted me very thoroughly before he sent me out." Sally looked about her, at the fine, carved desk, the modern Moorish ornamentation of ceiling and walls, the hand-made rugs, the white leather chairs. "Do I work here, in the hotel?"

"Not at first. My cousin couldn't settle here, so I got him into a house on the hillside. It's only a few minutes' walk," Dane told her. "Perhaps I should give you some details about him. Cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

He took one for himself from the silver box on the desk.

IDARESAY the doctor in England told you about my cousin. Mike had an accident just under a year ago. He had a little sports car and ran it off the road and into a chasm just outside Shiran, with the result that he had to spend several months in the hospital here. They patched him up very well, but he can't use his left leg. It seems to be almost paralysed from just above the knee down to the toes."

"Quite useless?" Sally queried.

"Not quite, or it wouldn't have been much use sending for you. He gets a faint pins-and-needles sensation in the calf and across the foot, and occasionally the muscles ache. The doctor here is sure that, with patience and the right treatment, Mike could make the leg work again. Trouble is, my cousin has gone defeatist. That's why we couldn't send him over to England."

"You just want me to put in as much time as I can upon the leg? You realise, of course, that he'd do better in an orthopaedic hospital?"

"If you can persuade him to enter one, I'll buy you a slap-up trousseau when you're ready to get married," Dane said flatly. "So far he jibes."

"If he used to be very active,

he feels the inaction more than most people would. Is he willing to co-operate?"

"Ah, that's the point. He doesn't know anything about you," Dane said. She stared at him.

"You actually got me to come here without his knowledge? That was risky, wasn't it?"

"Not so very," he said easily. "At the worst, I'd only have to pay your expenses and send you back. Actually, I was hoping for someone a little older who might be able to influence him mentally, while plugging away at the physical side of things."

"I see." Sally was trying very hard to hide her vexation and for that reason she sounded over-polite. "You should have worded your advertisement a little differently, Mr. Ryland—made some mention of the fact that you needed someone with a superior brain. Even the doctor you appointed to do the interviewing wasn't aware of that requirement."

Just slightly, he smiled.

"You're here, so you may as well have a shot at it. But I want you to go about it in my way."

"What way is that?" she asked.

"Well, he'll have to take to you before he'll let you get busy. I suggest that we go along there together to-morrow morning, and I'll introduce you as someone who's staying at the hotel. Wear your prettiest frock and use all that invalid psychology they must have taught you while you were training."

Sally raised her brows.

"It sounds a little odd. Surely he's anxious to have the use of his leg?"

"He's anxious, all right, but he doesn't believe it's possible. If you can convince him, you'll have done a wonderful job to begin with."

"Why should I look pretty, rather than efficient?" she asked carefully.

He grinned.

"Mike is susceptible to a pretty face. With a spot more [make-up] and a less clinical-looking dress you might remind him of what he's missing, if he doesn't get moving on that leg."

"You engaged a physiotherapist, Mr. Ryland! This may be Morocco, but we all happen to be English, and we'll behave that way, if you don't mind," Sally retorted crisply.

He gazed curiously at her bright cheeks and eyes, her parted lips.

"You are young," he said. "What made you apply for this job?"

"I had reasons." She cast a fleeting look over his face, apparently taking in the jut of



SHE had chosen a career that would take her almost anywhere in the world . . . it had brought her to Shiran . . . romantic, glittering.

his jaw and nose, the peak of dark hair in the centre of his forehead, the keen, sea-coloured eyes. Her glance lowered. "I have to work with the local doctor, of course."

"He's French," he told her gently, mockingly. "What were you running away from when you left England?"

Sally ignored this.

"I'd still like to meet the doctor before I see your cousin. Will you arrange it?"

"Why not? I'll get him over early in the morning, and we'll go to Mike's house directly afterwards. May I ask your first name?"

"It's Sally."

He nodded.

"Thanks for that concession, Sally Yorke. Shall we leave it that the doctor is our first appointment to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, I think so. I hope very much that I shall be able to help your cousin," she ended, rather abruptly.

His dark brow lifted. Patently, he was quite unaccustomed to Sally's type of woman. But his tone was suave.

"You're a country girl, aren't you?"

"Yes, from Cumberland."

April 25th, 1959

"What made you take the job at the Beckmoor Home? It's in a bleak spot, isn't it?"

"It's lovely in the summer. I wanted to work with children, and the post was open," Sally stated.

"Didn't you feel you'd like to go a little wild, after your training was finished?"

"No, I'm afraid I didn't; I'm just not that sort. In our family, we all had an opportunity of training for something and I chose physiotherapy. The Beckmoor, as you know, is in Yorkshire—near enough to my home for me to go there quite often."

"Do you belong to a large family?" he questioned.

"I have a sister and three brothers. Except for one brother, we're all farming types."

"That explains your candour." He waved a brown hand at the picture-postcard vividness of the scene beyond the balcony. "What do you think of Shiran?"

"It's pretty," she said.

"But you prefer the dales of Cumberland?"

"Oh, of course."

He gave a short laugh.

"You know, Miss Yorke, we have tourists who pay Hotel

Mirador prices to soak in the atmosphere of Shiran; they're milked right and left by the guides who take them to the holy tombs and other monuments, and leave us with the utmost regret."

"I daresay they're people with pots of cash and no home ties," she said reasonably. "I always feel a little sorry for people who have to travel in search of sensation."

With satire, he said:

"I suppose, at the farm, there's a sensation every day?"

"Small ones, you know," she answered, with a guileless nod of the bronze head.

"Weren't you excited about coming to Morocco?"

"Well, yes. I'd never travelled by plane before."

"And you think Shiran is merely . . . pretty?"

She hesitated, gave him the frank blue glance.

"It's as I rather expected a Moroccan coastal city to be, only more so. Actually, on the way to the hotel in the car, I could only see the palms and the sea. Your esplanade is more or less a stock scene, isn't it?"

"You may be right," he said a

HOTEL MIRADOR.

(Continued on previous page).

little tersely. "I don't know that I've met your brand of repartee before, Miss Yorke."

"You think I'm too prosaic?" He shook his head.

"I think you're asleep. Perhaps for your own peace of mind it would be better for you to stay like that while you're in Shiran." He got up, a tall, wide-shouldered figure towering above her chair. He moved towards the door. "Make yourself at home in the suite, Miss Yorke, and if there's anything you need just ring for it."

She came to his side.

"Thank you. I hope I'll have some success with your cousin."

"So do I." But he sounded doubtful.

HE had half-opened the door when someone knocked quickly and looked into the room. This was a man in his early fifties, not very tall, but handsome in a florid fashion. His black, wavy hair was streaked with grey; his olive-skinned features were heavy and regular, and his dark eyes were bright and kind as he suddenly became aware of Sally.

"I am sorry," he said, with a thick, foreign accent. "I thought you would be alone, Dane."

"We were about to part," Dane said, in his most tolerant tones. "Monsieur Pierre de Chalain . . . Miss Sally Yorke, from England . . .

"Ah, you come to help our

poor Mike?" the older man beamed.

"I'll do my best," Sally said.

"Pierre is a family man," Dane explained with a trace of satire.

"He's also my partner in the Hotel Mirador."

"A small partner," Pierre explained, "but I am certainly the manager here—a much more patient manager than Dane could be! The hotel was mine, mademoiselle—an old, dirty place which could scarcely pay for my wine bill. Then comes Dane Ryland, with big ideas and the courage to carry them out. And now you see the Mirador, which is famous and has everything of the best. He is a genius in business, this Dane."

"I thought he might be," Sally said, smiling at Monsieur de Chalain because he was so extremely pleasant and frank.

Pierre de Chalain looked at her rather longer than was really necessary, a thoughtfulness in his expression. Then, very charmingly, he took her hand and bowed over it.

"Mademoiselle, you are a guest of the hotel. Will you allow me the privilege of dining with you this evening?"

"Miss Yorke has arrived only to-day," Dane put in coolly.

"She will want meals served in her room till she's accustomed to the place." He was still holding the door open for Sally.

She moved out into the corridor, inclined her head to the two

men and walked along to her suite.

She passed carved embrasure seats, damask armchairs, a rose-quartz pedestal which spilled a profusion of pink camellias, and came to the pastel blue door of Suite Seven.

She found her key, unlocked the door, crossed a thick white carpet which covered the whole floor, and stood in the doorway to the balcony.

Then she turned and surveyed the sitting-room.

The chairs were purple, the curtains lavender, and the tables and cabinet were of rich dark wood, handsomely carved.

Through the open doorway showed a vast bed, covered in lavender even to the quilted head which was delicately shaped. In there, too, the white carpet spread to every wall, and there were deep purple rugs beside the beds.

Sumptuous, lulling and yet vaguely exciting, the whole atmosphere had been planned for the rich tourist. The upper floors, Sally learned later, catered for people of more moderate means, but in their way they were as exotic as this.

At the moment, Sally was not impressed. Everyone knew that such palaces existed and, for her, the Hotel Mirador was merely the place where she was to board while attending to Michael Ritchie under the orders of the local doctor.

Her patient sounded as if he might be rather a problem, but then nearly all adults who had been crippled were a little difficult to start with.

ACTUALLY she was rather eager to meet the young man; he presented a challenge to her in a purely professional way. Dane Ryland was an even greater challenge, because it had been quite obvious a few minutes ago that he was disappointed in Sally Yorke.

When Sally, back in England, had seen the advertisement, she had looked up the disturbing letter from her friend Lucette which was postmarked at Tangier, and then she wrote her application.

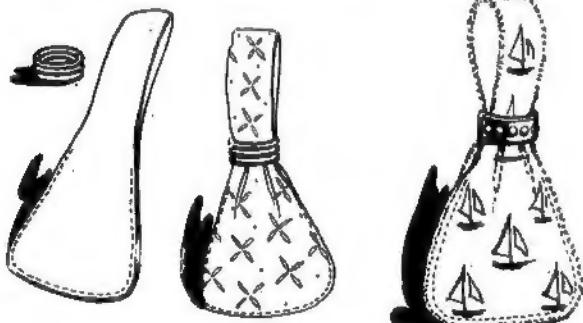
Dane Ryland had stated in reply that she must present herself in London for an interview with a doctor, who had been apprised of the details of the case. She had done so and within a fortnight Mr. Ryland had engaged her and arranged for a London agent to send her an air ticket and French money. So, she had flown to Shiran.

She would send Lucette a letter, first, of course, and then they must meet, either here in Shiran or in Tangier. Far better to insist on Shiran, though it was

Made in a Tick

TO take on your holidays, here's a cute little bag to hang on your arm or attach to your belt. Keep all your oddments in it.

Make it in gay terry towelling, or a bright cotton sailcloth, which you can embroider. Seam the bag half-way down the sides and along the bottom, and make a handle by slipping two or three large curtain rings or bangles round its "neck".



possible that Lucette would no more be able to travel south than to make the journey to England. What on earth could it be, this muddle that Lucette hinted at so volubly, yet would not explain?

Sally looked out over the balcony at the vivid green of the palms, the darker green of flowering trees. Lucette's "muddle" was not the only mystery.

Dane Ryland, her new employer, was something of an enigma, too. She had taken it for granted that, as he was an Englishman, he would be a conventional type. Which was silly, because a man who left his own country to enter big business in a land like Morocco was very unlikely to be ordinary. In fact, he was as different as anyone could possibly be from the happy-go-lucky breed to which the Yorkes, her own people, belonged.

She thought, dreamily, of the lake on the farm, of warm, summer Saturdays spent climbing the rocks and swimming; she thought of winter and snow on the rounded hilltops, of sheep warm in their fold, of the big kitchen where the Yorkes spent long evenings round the brick fireplace.

It was a beautiful old farmhouse; what had Shiran to offer to take the place of such heart's warmth? Nothing at all, and she wouldn't mind saying as much to the big, self-made tycoon along the corridor!

And, having arrived at this decision, Sally went through to turn on the water above the pearly pink bath.

She stepped into scented water and stared dreamily at pink walls.

THEN she towelled and got dressed, choosing a plain white sleeveless linen. She used a dab of powder, a rub of lipstick and went into the sitting-room, where she paused, to decide what to do.

It was dark now, the sky beyond the balcony a velvety black, spangled with stars. It would be good to have a walk down in that garden, or on the esplanade, and while walking she could decide where to have dinner.

Sally went from the suite and along the corridor to the wide ornate staircase which curved down to the ground floor.

The vast vestibule spread cool and bright in front of her. The floor was beautifully tiled in intricate patterns, the pink marble pillars meeting overhead in horse-shoe arches, the reception desk curving away from the foot of the



THIS gorgeous jacket is one of the beautiful hand-knits WOMAN'S WEEKLY features next week

An Important ANNOUNCEMENT

EXT week "Home Chat" is joining forces with "Woman's Weekly", a sister paper whose stories and contents are very much on the same lines as ours. The second instalment of Rosalind Brett's serial, "Hotel Mirador", will be published in "Woman's Weekly", and we feel sure you will want to go on with it there.

Your old friend, Mrs. Archer, will continue her Country Scrapbook in "Woman's Weekly", and you will find in their pages the **Wonderful and Exclusive SEENOZIP OFFER** we talk about on pages 22 and 23. (These zips are entirely new and have never been offered before.)

"Woman's Weekly" is justly famed for its knitting, with very detailed directions, and the cookery pages have a tremendous following.

- ★ Please, dear readers, make a special effort to buy "Woman's Weekly" next week. We shall like to feel that you are still in touch with the kind of features you have always enjoyed.
- ★ To make matters simpler for us—perhaps you will fill in this coupon and hand it to your newsagent.

May you have happy reading with "Woman's Weekly".

- ★ With all the nicest wishes.

YOUR EDITOR.

Please reserve a copy of WOMAN'S WEEKLY for me every week.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

staircase and presided over by two white-clad receptionists.

There was another pillared archway to the left and beyond it the carpeted lounge, where the chairs were modern and gaily coloured, the walls the pastel blue lined with gold which was uniform throughout the hotel. There were discreet servants galore.

She walked out between the spacious marble portals and found herself on a terrace which ran the whole length of the front of the hotel. Along the ornamental parapet were urns of flowering plants.

Here, she paused, to look at the wide esplanade, the endless strip of grass on the other side of the road, the regimented palms which

had flowering ginger bushes between them. It must be a ginger bush, Sally thought, though one couldn't be sure in the darkness about a plant one knew only from picture books.

Beyond the bushes stretched the sea, a murmurous nothingness; it sparkled like silver coins.

So this was Shiran. Vivid, brilliant, glittering even more at night than during the day. Surely it must be one of the most attractive places in the world, Sally thought, yet she still felt not pull.

I'm too earthy, she told herself contentedly; if I marry, I'll go rustic in England for the rest of my life.

At the end of the terrace she
(Continued on next page.)

How Good a MOTHER-IN-LAW Are You?

asks DOROTHY V. DAVIS

1: Do you think your daughter-in-law (or son-in-law) is extravagant or wasteful ?

Yes.... No....

2: If you go to Sunday dinner with your daughter-in-law and the roast beef is raw in the middle and the Yorkshire pudding like a doormat, do you :

- (a) Eat it and say nothing ? (a)....
- (b) Tell her where she went wrong ? (b)....

3: Do you tell your daughter-in-law the kind of food your son has always adored and warn her about his dislikes ? Yes.... No....

4: If the grandchildren plead to stay up late "because granny's here", do you add your pleas to theirs and say, "after all, it's only once in a while" ?

Yes.... No....

5: Can you (a) call on the family at any time or (b) is it generally accepted that you wait for an invitation ?

(a).... (b)....

6: When you see your daughter-in-law about to make mistakes such as you once made, do you give her the benefit of your own experience ?

Yes.... No....

7: If you help your daughter-in-law in some way, do you think the least she can do is to show gratitude ?

Yes.... No....

8: Do you consider it only right that you should know your son's financial affairs ; i.e. how much he earns ; how much rent they pay, etc. ?

Yes.... No....

9: If you were to think about it, would you say that your daughter-in-law's housekeeping was :

- (a) Hopeless and unlikely to improve ? (a)....
- (b) Not very good, but she will improve in time as she gains experience ? (b)....
- (c) Better than your own ? (c)....

10: In conversation, do you tell friends that you think your son is fortunate to have found such a good wife ?

Yes.... No....

11: Does your daughter-in-law ever ask for your advice on a cooking, shopping or domestic problem ?

Yes.... No....

12: If there is a mild argument and you are appealed to as judge, do you :

- (a) Always take your son's part regardless ? (a)....
- (b) Support your daughter-in-law when you think she is right ? (b)....
- (c) Ask them to let you stay neutral ? (c)....

13: Supposing one of your grandchildren is ill, do you (a) wait until you are asked or (b) do you offer to do shopping, read stories, cook meals, etc. ?

(a).... (b)....

14: Do you feel left out when your son and his wife plan holidays, discuss films or go out with friends ?

Yes.... No....

Tick whichever answer honestly applies to you, against each question. Allow yourself five marks for each answer that agrees with the list opposite, then compare your total with the summing-up.

HOTEL MIRADOR.

(Continued from previous page.)

found a flight of steps to the garden, and she would have descended had not someone else been coming up them.

She waited, and in a moment was face to face with Pierre de Chalain.

He bowed charmingly.

"Ah, good-evening, Miss Yorke. Surely it is not necessary for you to explore alone?"

"I quite like being alone, monsieur."

"You English are very strange. I have known my partner for more than four years and still I say it—you are very strange. If it is a stroll you are in need of, permit me to accompany you

through the gardens. I would feel happier.

"Can one come to harm so close to the hotel?" Sally asked.

"But no, of course not. It is merely that you are young and alone... and a woman." Again the wide, kindly smile. "I am of an age to be your uncle, mademoiselle. You may trust me."

"I shall be happy to trust you, monsieur," Sally said.

"Good. Then let us walk. The steps are shallow and there are six of them. I was about to go in and instruct someone to replace the electric bulbs in the torches here at the steps. They must have been removed this morning while repairs were taking place. The maintenance man has

omitted to finish his job. However, so long as they are replaced before the diners come for their evening promenade..."

He cupped her elbow until she reached the path, then dropped his hand and walked at her side. He was still talking on the same subject.

"I was not here when the repairs were made, or I would have seen to it that the lights were in order. Mr. Ryland is very impatient of errors, you understand, and he takes it for granted that every workman is capable of finishing his task completely. I, who have managed this hotel ever since it was rebuilt under his direction, know that most of us are fallible. That applies also to myself."

A QUIZ to find out, once and for all, just how true those mother-in-law jokes are !

1: No. 2: a. 3: No. 4: No.
5: a. 6: No. 7: No. 8: No. 9: b.
10: Yes. 11: Yes. 12: b. 13: b.
14: No.

* * *

If every one of your answers agreed with the above list you'll have scored 70 marks, but no one can be *that* perfect. 60-70 marks means you're a good mother-in-law. You don't interfere and you let the young people make their own mistakes and find their own feet. Good for you! You'll always be welcome.

45-60 marks and you aren't too bad. At least, you are honest enough to admit that you have failings and it shouldn't be too difficult for you to make a little more effort. You want your son to be happy, don't you? He's made his own choice (and presumably you once made yours). Don't offer advice unless they ask you for it, even if you have to bite your tongue and however good your intentions.

20-45 marks. You're living up to the music-hall comedian's jokes about mothers-in-law and, if you aren't careful, you'll find yourself shut out altogether. Of course it may be difficult and you may have the world's worst daughter-in-law but your son won't thank you for acknowledging the fact. Make yourself ignore her faults, and, if you can't eat, without criticising, pastry that needs to be chiselled apart, and if you can't help interfering, it would be better to stay away from them until you can.



"It makes you human, monsieur. I am one of those people who have to learn by experience, too. It's a little hard sometimes but when you do succeed you feel wonderful!"

"Indeed, you must have succeeded very often!" he said appreciatively as he glanced at her bloomy skin, her smiling red mouth and piquant profile. "You have a serene look, Miss Yorke. You are unspoiled, and I should say that you are generous and considerate." He paused. "There is someone I would very much like you to meet. I felt it up there in Dane's room when I first met you, and that is why I asked if we could dine together, but as you are not yet dining in public we must defer this important occasion."

April 25th, 1959

"Oh, but I think I will dine downstairs," Sally said firmly. "I'm not used to eating alone. At the Beckmoor we of the staff used to have our meals at a long table."

"You liked it there, at the Home?"

"I loved the children, but the Home itself is rather drab. I am hoping they will have me back —they have given me my holiday plus a leave of absence."

He was still looking at her in the darkness, weighing her up, she surmised. She wondered why. His next remark was not illuminating; he seemed to have changed the topic.

"In any language, home ■ where the heart is, mademoiselle. My heart is here in Shiran. I



Photo: "United Artists"

Under 20 marks. You aren't so much an in-law as an out-law. Either you're absolutely hopeless or you are being much too severe in your criticisms of yourself. If you really want to make a go of this mother-in-law business, why not show the quiz to your daughter-in-law and see if she agrees with your summing up? If she sees you're really trying, she may make an effort, too!

have lived here most of my life. It will surprise you to learn that I married an Englishwoman."

"Really? And yet you still think the English are strange?"

"It was twenty-seven years ago, and she died only fourteen months after our marriage," he said sadly. "Now I have only our son."

"Oh, yes. Mr. Ryland said you are a family man."

"Tony is twenty-six." He waved towards the formal gardens at the back of the hotel. "You will like to walk here in the daylight. There is a pool full of tropical fish, also some fine garden seats, and a number of rare trees. And there is the lawn where our guests sunbathe and

(Continued on page 36.)



DON'T forget that you can hear "The Archers" every weekday on the B.B.C. Light Programme at 6.45 p.m., and the omnibus edition on Sundays at 9.45 a.m. Tun in to either of these wavelengths—1,500 m. (200 kc/s), 247 m. (1,214 kc/s).

★

EVERY so often, on the spur of a moment, Dan says to me, "Come on, Doris, I'll take you out somewhere."

I realised, very early in my married life, that when he has this impulse the best thing is to drop everything and go along with him, no matter how inconvenient it may be. Perhaps I've done a day's ironing or washing. Perhaps I've spent far too much time among the poultry, or given the spare bedroom a good turn-out. But it invariably happens that he asks me on the evening I'd much rather have a cup of cocoa and go to bed at nine o'clock.

I go, nevertheless, and once I do get out I'm apt to yawn from sheer fatigue, so he gets the idea I'm bored with him and the company of his choosing. Probably I have a conscience about it because, recently, I've had a good old grumble about being stuck between four walls for days on end and unable to get out !

This is not too seriously intended, but I'm sure that any wife reading this has experienced much the same sort of thing to a greater or lesser degree.

Anyhow, what has given rise to all this, is the fact that last week Dan took me out to one of the Borechester hotels for an evening meal—steak for him ! (Why do farmers always eat steak when they're out ?) It would have been just one of

those sort of evenings but for one thing. The owner introduced us to one of his old acquaintances who was "just passing through on his way to the oil-rich".

This man was the head of a firm making very expensive, very exclusive (and a bit vulgar in its own way) jewellery, especially designed for him in Paris for sale to the millionaire Middle East sheiks and their entourages.

He indulged us—or at least me!—by taking us to the hotelier's office,

MRS. ARCHER'S

opening his case and showing us tray after tray of the fabulous stuff—enormous rings with stones as big as pigeon's eggs ; pearls, opals, diamonds, rubies ; hand-coiled 22-carat gold clips in flamboyant but exquisitely delicate designs.

At one time I was holding in my hands thirty-three thousand pounds' worth of bits and pieces of jewellery.

I can tell you it gave me quite a funny feeling. Even Dan's eyes were popping and he kept his hands firmly clutched behind his back, and what amazed us both was the matter of fact way the jewels were handled.

The jeweller grinned disarmingly as he locked up his case again and tucked the key in his waistcoat pocket.

"It's just a question of what you're used to," he said. "I'm mixed up with these things all the time. It happens to be my job." He weighed his case speculatively in his hand. "I'll tell you what, though. If one of your cows looked at me balefully, I'd drop this lot and run ! You know cows. I know jewellery. That's the way it goes."

* * *

We must be a gullible lot. To-day, for example, is not only Anzac day for those of us who remember the tough customers from down under in the '14-18 War, but it happens to be St. Mark's Day, too. And—in common with practically every other saint's day—St. Mark has some strange traditions and superstitions.

Why is it that, on this day or that, tradition has it that if you cross your shoes in a certain direction, sleep with certain herbs under your pillow, or perform a certain ceremony around the village oak, you will see the image of your betrothed ?

There must have been an awful lot of wishful thinking being done !

And on St. Mark's Eve, poor young girls were told :

*On St. Mark's Eve, at twelve o'clock,
The fair maid will watch her smock
To find her husband in the dark,
By praying unto good St. Mark.*

Don't ask me what these cryptic couplets are supposed to mean. It looks rather like husband-hunting under doubtful circumstances, but no doubt there was a time when it had some significance.

* * *

There's also a St. Mark's Eve tradition which says that, if you rake and riddle all the ashes out of the fire on ~~in~~ the hearthstone and leave them to die (whether it would work with nutty slack I have yet to discover), any footprints in the ashes on the following morning will signify the death during the ensuing year of the person who made the footprint!

in-the-night, souls-in-torment stories stem from nothing more than the indescribable shrieks a vixen makes at the appropriate season when she is looking for a mate.

See her as she is illustrated here in the daytime—poised, alert, elegant, wary—and you would never accept she could have given you such a turn the previous evening! But when you're walking back in the dark from a whist drive, with your mind on how you came to miss that eighth trick when you'd finessed a bare knave, a vixen's call can give you quite a turn.

You know it's a vixen, but the small hairs prickling on the back of your neck and the heightened heartbeat take some convincing before they subside. There is something primitive in us that reacts to noises in the night.

* * *

The close of April always tends to show us some

Country Scrapbook

Another gruesome piece of St. Mark's Eve country lore is that, if you sit up in the churchyard from nightfall till dawn, you will see paraded before you the apparitions of all the people in the parish who will be buried in the next year.

For myself, I'd rather be comfy in bed; with my hot water bottle, woolly undies, electric blanket and the lot.

For the fair maids, there is still one other little ceremony they can carry out if they want to see the image of their intended. They can put nuts in the hearth, think of the man they *want* to marry and, fixing their gimlet eyes on a nut with the thought of their hoped betrothed before them, recite :

*If you love me, pop and fly.
If not, down there in silence lie.*

* * *

Reynard is now due for a rest and will not be bothered by hounds until the beginning of cubbing in the autumn. May Day is the traditional day for changes in hunt staffs, and now that Mr. Grenville is here in Ambridge it is anybody's guess what will happen next week.

One thing I *am* certain about: among the superstitious lot of us who live in the country, some of our more ghoulish, hair-raising, shrieks-

rather raggedy ends of the last season—boughs and branches which have been snapped off in the boisterousness of winter and March winds, fences on the slant and fence-posts rotted at ground level.

Here and there the nettles are already pushing their tender heads through, threatening you with a foretaste of what the place is going to look like in a few weeks if you don't do something about it pretty quickly.

Natural vegetation, nature running wild all round you, can make nonsense of your meticulous weeding and gardening, however conscientious you may be.

An experimental patch at one of the grassland research stations was allowed to go wild. In the course of a few years, even in the limitations of this climate, it became almost an impenetrable jungle of bramble, couch, convolvulus, nettle, old man's beard, sweethearts, woodbine, ivy and every other conceivable form of weed life you can imagine.

It just goes to show that the orderliness of the countryside is not so much due to nature as due to man. And even with the modern aids of selective weed-killers, sprays and that sort of thing, he still has to struggle like the dickens to keep ahead.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THERE'LL BE MORE EXTRACTS FROM MRS. ARCHER'S SCRAPBOOK

IN NEXT WEEK'S "WOMAN'S WEEKLY"!

With which "Home Chat" is merging.



HE was the most persistent, the most aggravating young man she'd ever met, and she didn't know how to get rid of him . . .

THE LADY'S

CAROL was finding it impossible to remain unaware of the new tenant in the flat on the corner. He was a large young man with a wide grin, untidy fair hair and a noisy yellow sports car.

She was always meeting him on the way to work in the mornings, and whenever she went out in the evenings he would be there as well--sometimes tinkering with his car, but more often than not just standing on the pavement admiring it, and apparently waiting for her to pass by.

She recognised the signs and was determined to give him no encouragement. For one thing, she was still getting over the shock of being dropped by Nigel, a bright young stockbroker who'd given her a rush and then moved on to the next girl. Carol was keeping all young men at a distance.

But, from the start, this one was showing persistence of a high order. One morning he overtook Carol as she walked to the bus stop, and slowed the noisy little yellow car to a walking pace.

"Good-morning--can I give you a lift?"

"No, thank you," she said politely.

"It might rain," he said. The sky was an unbroken blue and the morning sun was brilliant.

"No, thank you," she repeated, quickening her pace.

He kept level with her, but she ignored him. The little yellow car cleared its throat noisily, coughed and then stopped. In the silence she heard the young man say something very heart-felt.

At the bus stop she turned; he had the bonnet up, and as she got aboard he raised his hand in a half salute. And that, Carol decided, would be that.

* * *

But the next morning he was there again. The same approach, weather forecast as well.

"She's all right now," he said, patting the steering wheel. "I guarantee safe delivery to your place of business."

Carol spoke over her shoulder.

"If you go on pestering me like this, I'll have to complain to the police," she said. "Is that clear?"

"My, my," he said, folding his arms on the steering wheel.

"That really would be something, wouldn't it?"



NOT FOR DATING

"I've heard of gutter-crawlers," she said sweetly, "you must be one of them. If you go on pestering me like this I'll really have to complain to the police. Is that clear?"

"My, my," he said, folding his arms on the steering wheel. "That would be something, wouldn't it?"

He didn't look in the least alarmed or repentant. He was grinning.

"Just leave me alone," she said, "and take that dreadful little car with you."

"Bitter words from one so lovely. This is Daphne—I almost made her myself."



A
DELIGHTFUL
STORY

BY MARY MILES

April 25th, 1959

"It looks it," Carol said, and marched off up the road.

The young man followed her, a few paces behind, and kept up a running commentary on Daphne's abilities as a hill-climber, and as a speedy transport for girls who didn't know what they were missing. Carol was glad to get on her bus.

* * *

Carol worked in her friend, Miriam Fawcett's exclusive flower-shop; She had developed an unexpected flair for floral décor and Miriam was letting her take over some of the receptions and dances.

To avoid the attentions of the young man in the yellow car, Carol took to leaving for work earlier than usual each morning and using a different bus route.

With the pressure of business she was also working late. She caught a glimpse of the young man as she went home one evening.

He was lying on his back under Daphne as she passed. A muffled voice called out :

"Surely I know that fairy tread? Been doing overtime?"

By the time he had pulled himself out into the open, Carol was at her own front door. He stood on the pavement, his face streaked with grease, and did an eloquent pantomime of heart-broken sobs.

As she shut the door Carol was smiling, and it was some time since she had smiled at the thought of any young man.

THE next afternoon, when Carol got back from a session of decorating for a ball, Miriam looked at her archly and said :

"I like your new boy-friend."

"I haven't one," Carol said. "I'm off men for good. What are you talking about?"

Miriam held out one of her best bouquets; a dozen early yellow roses. On the card was written :

"Daphne sends her respects as well."

"He's a nuisance," Carol said. "My private pest!"

"I thought he was charming," said Miriam, "and good for trade. He's given me a regular order. Carnations next week—delivered to your address. Isn't that sweet?"

"It's—it's diabolical!" Carol said. "It's just a persecution, that's what it is!"

"The most romantic way of persecuting a girl I ever heard of," Miriam said dreamily.

"The next time he comes in, tell him you can't accept the order." Carol stooped in front of a little mirror in the back room and applied lipstick with concentrated energy. "Tell him I don't want his flowers!"

"You tell him," Miriam said placidly. "I think he's sweet. Good-night, darling—don't forget your roses."

Carol swept up her handbag and gloves.

"Send them to the children's hospital. I——"

Miriam held the bouquet out.

"I think he's a lucky young man," she said softly. "I told him so this afternoon."

Carol hesitated. Then she took the flowers, her cheeks flaming suddenly.

"I must stop it. I must, Miriam."

Miriam patted her shoulder. And said nothing.

Carol had her speech all rehearsed, but this evening there

(Continued on next page.)

THE LADY'S NOT FOR DATING.

(Continued from previous page.)

was no sign of the young man or his car. With the flowers in her arms she ran up the front steps and fumbled in her handbag for her key. She searched and searched, but it wasn't there. She must have forgotten to pick it up when she left in the morning.

Normally, it wouldn't matter; there would be somebody to let her in. But not this time. Her own flat was on the ground floor; on the first floor lived the Wilsons and she knew they were out. The tenants of the top floor were in Majorca, and the basement was occupied by an interior decorator who used it solely as an office and closed up promptly at five-thirty. And it was now six-forty-five.

Having rung all the bells that she knew wouldn't be answered, Carol surveyed the situation.

SHE looked at the bay window of her room. Alongside the front door there was a low wall supporting a pair of fat pillars to make a porch. If she stood on the wall and stretched across the area, she might just be able to reach her own window-sill and slip in through the window. There was, of course, a twelve-foot drop down to the area, but she thought she could negotiate that.

The square was luckily empty on her side, and the spreading greenery of the trees in the garden hid her from the other side. She put down the flowers and her bag, and carefully hoisted herself on to the low wall; she was glad she wasn't wearing a tight skirt.

Balancing herself against the pillar, she took a deep breath and told herself how easy it was going to be.

And then, with a loud triumphant noise, the little yellow car surged around the corner. The young man saw her and stopped at the kerb.

"Hi!" he said cheerfully.
"Having fun?"

She ignored him with as much dignity as she could muster. It was too much to hope that he'd go away.

Stretching out her left leg, she got her toe on to the window-sill and reached with her hand for the window. She was just a few inches short; she could touch the wooden frame of the window, and that was all.

So there she was, precariously balanced, one foot on the windowsill and one foot on the wall, and below her the concrete expanse of the area.

"You'll never do it," said the young man. "Now I bet you can't get back."

She went on ignoring him; it

wasn't easy because he'd got out of his car by now and had come up to the steps. He was a very large young man indeed, and his grin was the most irritating thing she had seen for some time.

But he was right; she couldn't get back. She couldn't get enough thrust from the window-sill to bring her weight back to the wall, and her legs were beginning to ache. She told herself not to panic—that it was perfectly all right; a little sensible pressure and she'd be back holding on to the pillar. Simple, really.

But she felt like a stranded climber on a sheer rock face, with disaster yawning below.

"You must be an amateur," the young man remarked.

"I'm trying to get in," she said stiffly, over her shoulder.

"So I see," he said. "But you're supposed to wait until it's dark. All the best burglars do."

"Burglars! Don't be such an ass! I live here—I forgot my key."

"A likely story." He settled himself on the low wall. "You'll have to do better than that."

"But I do live here!" she said desperately. "You know I do!"

He went on grinning, his arms folded. In other circumstances she could imagine that he was the kind of young man whose presence might be a comfort in a crisis.

"That's quite a drop down there," he said, looking down into the area. "But no doubt you've taken that into consideration. You must be the new type of lady cat-burglar. Tell me, what do they call you in the trade? Front porch Lucy?"

She had a severe attack of pins-and-needles developing in her left leg.

"Please!" she said in a small little voice. "Please—I'm stuck. I—I can't get back! Will you please do something?"

"I could call the police," he said thoughtfully, "but I doubt if they'd get here in time. Ambulance? Fire Brigade?"

"Do, please, do something!" she said. "Don't just sit there making silly remarks!"

"Temper, temper," he said reprovingly. "Allow me to remind you that you got yourself up there. I am but an interested spectator."

She took a deep breath. It was humiliating to be so helpless.

"If you were a gentleman," she started to say, glaring down at him.

"I've been waiting for you to say that. Women always do when they've got themselves into a jam."

"You're quite insufferable," she said. "Please go away—just go away—"

(Continued on page 18.)

THERE'S never an occasion when good things for tea-time are out of favour. Whether it's friends gathered around a temptingly loaded table or "only the family", these sweet, light treats, accompanied by the delicate tinkle of teacups, will please you all.

They needn't be too much trouble. Banana Griddle Cakes, served hot with plenty of butter, are easy and quick to make, so are crisp, golden macaroons.

And for those times when you feel you want to serve "something special", the little chocolate-covered cream buns, made with choux pastry, are just the thing.

Butterscotch Meringue Cake (Illustrated).

Required for the cake :

Five ounces of caster sugar.
Three tablespoomfuls of milk.
Four ounces of butter.

Two eggs.
Four and a half ounces of plain flour.

A pinch of salt.
One level tablespoomful of Golden Raising Powder.
Marmalade.

Required for the Meringue Icing :

Two egg whites.

Three ounces of brown sugar.

HEAT one ounce of the caster sugar in a saucepan until it is a caramel colour. Add the milk and stir until the mixture dissolves. Leave to cool. Meanwhile, cream the butter with the rest of the sugar. Beat in the eggs until the mixture is light and fluffy. Fold in the dry, sieved ingredients alternately with the milky caramel. Divide the mixture between two 7-inch sandwich tins and bake at Gas, Regulo Mark 5, Electricity, 350 deg. F. for 25-30 minutes. Turn out and cool on a wire rack. Split the layers and sandwich together with marmalade.

Make the meringue icing by whisking the egg whites until very stiff. Add half the brown sugar and whisk. Fold in the rest of the sugar. Coat the cake in meringue. Bake in a hot oven, Gas, Regulo Mark 6, Electricity, 400 deg. F. for 6-7 minutes till lightly coloured.

Gingerbread.

Required :

Eight ounces of sour milk or a bottle of yoghurt with water, to make up the quantity.

HOME CHAT

Time TREATS

DELICIOUS recipes that will make your mouth water,
from expert, VICKY LYNNE.



Photo: Amsterdam Photo Agency.

Two teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda.
Eight ounces of black treacle.
Four ounces of shortening (butter, margarine or cooking fat).
Four ounces of sugar.
One egg.
Two teaspoonfuls of ginger.
One teaspoonful of mixed spices.
Twelve ounces of flour.
Three ounces of currants.

MIX soda and sour milk and add to the treacle. Cream the fat and sugar; add the egg. Sift remaining dry ingredients and fold into the creamed mixture alternately with the liquid. Stir in the currants which have been rolled in some of the flour. Pour into 8½-inch by 11½-inch dripping pan and bake at Gas, Regulo Mark 4, Electricity, 350 deg. F. 30-45 minutes. Cut into squares while hot and still in the pan.

Serve hot with whipped cream or apple sauce.

Chocolate Cream Buns (Illustrated).

Required :
Three ounces of flour.
One ounce of butter or margarine.
Two tablespoonfuls of water.
Two eggs.

Required for decoration :
Whipped cream.
Chocolate icing.

SIFT the flour. Boil the water with the butter. Add all the flour at once while the liquid is boiling. Beat with a wooden spoon until the mixture forms one lump. Cool slightly and beat in the eggs. Beat thoroughly to distribute the air throughout the mixture. Place in small balls on a greased baking tin and bake at Gas, Regulo Mark 6, Electricity, 400 deg. F. for 25-30 minutes.



Photo: Product Publicity.

Split the buns and fill with whipped cream. Dip the tops in chocolate icing.

Banana Griddle Cakes (Illustrated).

Required :
Six ounces of self-raising flour.
One teaspoonful of salt.
Half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda.
Eight ounces of milk.
One egg (beaten).
Two mashed bananas.
Half an ounce of melted butter.

SIFT the flour, salt and bicarbonate of soda together. Add milk to the beaten egg. Mix mashed bananas into the flour, stir in the egg and milk. Melt the butter and add to the batter. Grease a heavy pan and heat well. Drop the batter in tablespoonfuls on the pan and cook until the cakes are covered with bubbles and firm enough to turn. Cook until golden brown.

Coconut Macaroons.

Required :
Two egg-whites.
Two ounces of castor sugar.
One tablespoonful of cornflour.
Four ounces of dessicated coconut.

WHISK the egg-whites until very stiff. Add the other ingredients and mix well together. Drop small spoonfuls on greased greaseproof paper covering a baking sheet and bake about 20 minutes till golden at Gas, Regulo Mark 4, Electricity, 350 deg. F. (Note : Crushed cornflakes may be substituted for coconut, but readers may like to know there is a packaged coconut called "Kandy" which is tender and moist.)

YOU'LL find more wonderful recipes in next week's issue of

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY", a paper that is famed for its Cookery.



SPRING, 1959, has introduced this wonderfully flattering shoulder line . . .

Its Shoulder line is

MATERIALS Required : 10 ounces of Paton's Purple Heather Fine-giving 4-ply in turquoise blue and 1 ounce each grey and white ; a pair each of Nos. 10 and 12 "Aero" knitting pins.

Measurements : Shoulder to lower edge, 20 inches ; bust measurement, 34 to 36 inches ; sleeve seam, 17 inches.

Tension : 7½ stitches and 9½ rows to 1 inch over the stocking stitch, after pressing.

Abbreviations : K., knit ; p., purl ; st., stitch ; sts., stitches ; tog., together ; dec., decrease (work 2 sts. tog.) ; inc., increase (work into front and back of same st.) ; ins., inches ; rep., repeat ; st.st., stocking stitch (k. 1 row, p. 1 row alternately) ; B., turquoise blue ; W., white ; G., grey.

The Back.

**USING No. 10 needles and B., cast off 128 sts. for side edge and work 26 rows st.st.

Join on G and k. 1 row and p. 1 row. Break off G. Join on W and k. 1 row. Now work Fair Isle panel.

1st Fair Isle row : P. 4 W, (1 G, 6 W) to last 5 sts., 1 G, 4 W. 2nd row : K. 3 W, (1 G, 1 W, 1 G, 4 W) to last 6 sts., 1 G, 1 W, 3 W. 3rd row : P. 3 G, (3 W, 4 G) to last 6 sts., 3 W, 3 G. 4th row : K. with W. 5th row : P. with W.

6th row : K. 2 W, (1 G, 3 W, 1 G, 2 W) to end of row.

7th row : P. 3 W, (3 G, 4 W) to last 6 sts., 3 G, 3 W.

8th row : K. 3 W, (3 G, 4 W) to last 6 sts., 3 G, 3 W.

9th row : P. 2 W, (1 G, 3 W, 1 G, 2 W) to end of row.

10th row : K. with W. 11th row : P. with W.

12th row : K. 3 G, (3 W, 4 G) to last 6 sts., 3 W, 3 G.

13th row : P. 3 W, (1 G, 1 W, 1 G, 4 W) to last 6 sts., 1 G, 1 W, 1 G, 3 W. 14th row : K. 4 W, (1 G, 6 W) to last 5 sts., 1 G, 4 W. Break off G.

P. 1 row with W, then join on G and k. 1 row and p. 1 row with G. Break off G and W.**

With B., beginning and ending with a k. row, work 19 rows st.st. and mark *beginning* of last row with a coloured thread to denote shoulder. Beginning and ending with a p. row, work 45 rows st.st. and mark *end* of last row with a coloured thread to denote second shoulder.

Work 18 rows st.st.

Now k. 1 row and p. 1 row with G, then k. 1 row with W.

Work 1st to 14th Fair Isle rows given for other side.

Break off G. P. 1 row with W, then k. 1 row and p. 1 row with G. Break off G and W.

Work 26 rows st.st. with B. Cast off loosely.

The Front.

WORK as given for back from ** to **.

Work 18 rows st.st. with B., ending with a p. row.

Now shape neck :

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning (neck edge) of next row and the following 5 alternate rows, then cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next 6 alternate rows. P. 1 row.

To shape other side of neck, cast on 5 sts. at beginning of next row and the following 5 alternate rows, then cast on 6 sts. at beginning of next 6 alternate rows.

Work 17 rows st.st., ending with a p. row.

K. 1 row and p. 1 row with G, then k. 1 row with W. Work the 14 Fair Isle rows given for back. Break off G. P. 1 row with W, then k. 1 row and p. 1 row with G.

Work 26 rows st.st. with B. Cast off loosely.



THE LADY'S NOT FOR DATING.

(Continued from page 16.)

"And leave you clinging like this to nothing at all? A moment ago you were screaming for help."

"I didn't scream!" Sally closed her eyes; her left leg felt quite numb.

"I once helped a kitten out of a tree," said the young man, "but then I had a ladder."

Carol opened her eyes. There was a crick in her neck.

"I don't think I can hold on much longer," she said. "I—I think I'll fall—"

"Not you," he said. And got to his feet.

She felt the sudden firm clasp of his arm around her waist, lifting her. Then she was standing on her own two feet by her own front door, breathless and trembling, and with her face buried in the front of his jacket and his arms around her.

When her strength came back and she lifted her face, she saw the brightness of his blue eyes. And his arms still held her, quite needlessly, really. And neither of them was doing anything about it.

"Better?" he asked surprisingly softly.

"Thank you. I'm all right—I

—thank you very much!"

"Is that your window?"

She nodded, straightening her skirt as he set her free. Somehow his cheerful grin didn't seem quite so objectionable—and there had been a steadiness and strange comfort in the support of his arms that sent the colour into her cheeks.

She leaned against the pillar, felt her burning cheeks, and said again, a little helplessly :

"Thank you very much."

"Think nothing of it," he said.

"We have yet to get you inside."

"Please don't bother," she said, but she was too late. He swung himself agilely up onto the wall, stretched a long leg across and reached the window without any trouble at all. He raised the

HOME CHAT

NEWS

The Sleeves (both alike).
USING No. 12 needles and B, cast on 64 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work 4 rows st.st., then continue in st.st. and inc. 1 st., at both ends of next and every following 4th row until there are 128 sts. Work 3 rows without shaping. Cast off loosely.

The Neck Border.
JOIN left shoulder seam. With right side facing, using B wool and No. 12 needles, pick up and k. 48 sts. across back neck from marked row to left shoulder, then pick up and k. 66 sts. along left front neck, 1 st. from point of V at centre front and 66 sts. up right front neck to shoulder.
1st rib row : K. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) to end.
2nd row : (P. 1, k. 1) 56 times, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog., (k. 1, p. 1) to end.
3rd row : (K. 1, p. 1) 32 times, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1 (p. 1, k. 1) to end.
4th row : (P. 1, k. 1) 55 times, p. 1,
(Continued on page 25.)

lower half of the window, stepped neatly on to the sill and slid inside the room. Considering his size, it was, she felt, a creditable effort.

He reappeared at the window, grinned at her and blew a mock-kiss.

"Nice place you have in here," he said.

* * *

A minute later he was letting Carol into the flat with an air of complete satisfaction, so that he might almost have been her host; her heart gave a double-skip of warning. She had the roses in her arms now.

"Thank you for the flowers," she said politely. She thought of what she had intended to say to



him. "And I'm very grateful for your help."

"A pleasure. Any time you need a little breaking-and-entering, just send for me."

She smiled what she hoped would be a suitably frigid smile.

"I hope that won't be necessary."

"You never can tell," he said. "Life is full of surprises."

"Indeed?"

"Oh yes," he said. "My name's Hawley—Charles Antrobus Hawley, but you mustn't blame the middle bit on me. I was too young to protest."

"Mr. Hawley," she said patiently, "do you always pester strange girls like this?"

He thought, frowning, then shook his head.

"Never. What would you suggest? You created the problem."

"I did?"

"Of course," he said, leaning back against the door. "Until I saw you I was a healthy man. Almost sane. Now look at me. All your fault."

"This is ridiculous," she said. "Thank you for your timely assistance, Mr. Hawley—"

"A neighbourly gesture," he said. "You looked very fetching up on that wall, Carol Blair."

He showed no sign of removing himself from her door.

(Continued on page 39.)

ANNE SHERMAN chooses patterns that are ultra simple—extra smart.



BESTWAY C. Patterns cost 2s. 3d.,
E. Patterns 2s. 7d.
and **D.** Patterns 2s. 9d.,
post free. Sizes and
where-to-order details
are on page 42.

BESTWAY D.3,912 . . . Isn't this a smart little three-piece? The jacket is collarless and almost straight; the pinafore dress is just cut down in one and boat-necked, and the pretty blouse has a deep, pointed collar. Allow $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for the pinafore dress, 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the blouse and $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 yards for the jacket.

See pages 22 and 23 for details of
AN EXCLUSIVE OFFER IN NEXT WEEK'S "WOMAN'S WEEKLY"
with which "Home Chat" is merging.

BESTWAY E.3,662 . . . The jumper suit has staged a comeback and here you see one of the most popular examples. There's a simple, effortless chic about the straight-cut top. Allow $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 yards of 36-inch or $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

Quickies . . .

BESTWAY D.3,865 . . .

This is one of these well-loved frocks that take both day and evening parties in their stride. I'd choose cotton satin in a gay flower print and pick up one of the colours for a plain cummerbund. Allow $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch or $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 yard for cummerbund.

BESTWAY E.3,775 . . .

You can make this dress with or without sleeves, in cotton satin, linen, flannel or cotton piqué. It's smart, and a wonderful asset to a hard-working wardrobe. Allow $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch or 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.



D 3865

BESTWAY C.3,759 . . . A play-suit for your own—or somebody else's—daughter. Striped materials are the best choice because then you can contrast the simple top with the puffy "bloomer" trunks. Sizes: 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 years. Allow $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 yards of 36-inch material.

C 3759

SENSATIONAL OFFER in WOMAN'S WEEKLY

seenozip

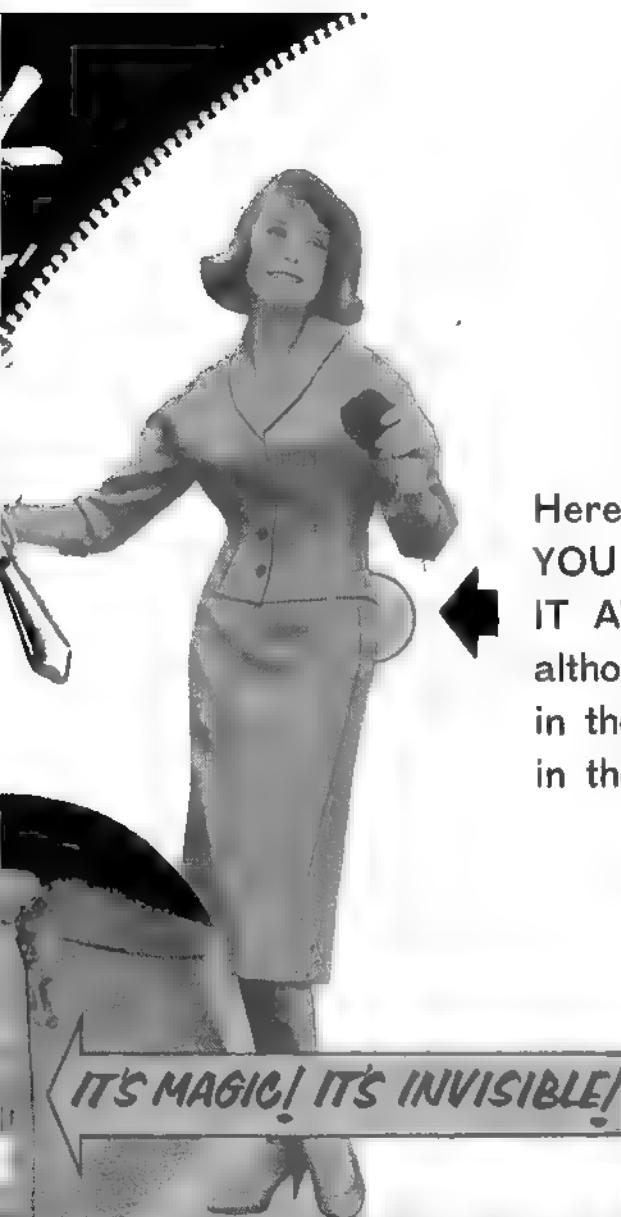
**THE ONLY INVISIBLE
ZIP IN THE WORLD
FOR ONLY 1/6 POST FREE**

This wonderful new invention means that AT LAST you can have a placket fastening that becomes one with the seam—no gaping ! no zip showing ! you wouldn't know it was there at all ! And it's the simplest thing to sew in place—by machine or by hand. "Woman's Weekly" has arranged that readers can get this 7-inch Seenozip for a bargain price of 1/6d. To buy such a zip in the shops would cost 2/7d.

There is a choice of colour—Black, White, Grey or Pink.

With holidays getting closer, and gay new summer dresses to make, don't miss the opportunity of using the unique SEENOZIP offered by "Woman's Weekly." To take advantage of this wonderful offer see your newsagent now and order your copy of next week's "Woman's Weekly" (out Monday, April 27).

**"Home Chat" readers, please note that your paper
is merging next week with "Woman's Weekly".
Don't miss it and this wonderful "Seenozip" offer!**



The Seenozip
has been used in this
MOYGASHEL
SUMMER SUIT

*Pattern available through
"Woman's Weekly"*

Here is the zip—
YOU JUST CAN'T SEE
IT AT ALL
although its actual position
in the skirt seam is shown
in the circle



WOMAN'S WEEKLY
OUT NEXT MONDAY APRIL 27 — **4^d**

A HELPFUL FEATURE conducted by OLIVE E. IVORY . . .

WHEN you choose the material for your new loose covers remember that material 30 or 31 inches wide is the most economical, and that more is needed when there is a striped or one-way design. If you choose a striped fabric, let the stripes run straight and true, but avoid stripes if it is your first attempt at loose-cover making. All-over-alike patterns and plain materials are the easiest to make up.

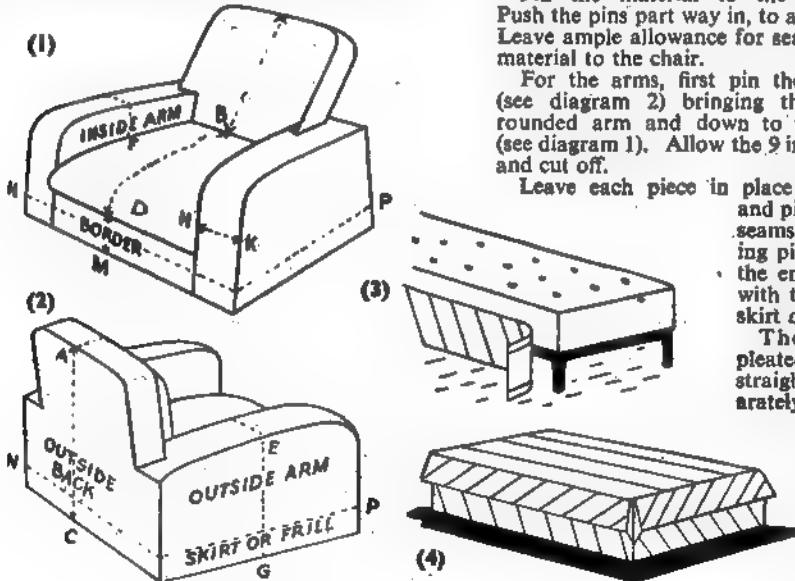
If the pattern is large, make sure that it's well-centred and properly balanced on the chair, or, if you choose a large floral design, see that the motif comes in the middle of the back, seat and sides and, finally, never choose a material that frays easily.

HOW TO MEASURE.

First, decide whether you want a pleated, gathered or plain skirt. Gathers are attractive in soft cottons, linens and rayons; heavier materials are better suited to pleats, or straight skirts with inverted pleats at the corners. In estimating the amount of material it is usual to allow 1-inch turnings on all seams, and $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hem on top of the frill or skirt to avoid "spreading" pleats or gathers; also a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hem on the base gives weight and prevents it from "rising".

A skirt with spaced pleats needs twice the actual measurement round the base of chair; a gathered frill takes one and a half times, if a fairly heavy fabric is being used, or twice the total measurement for a lighter material. For box-pleats, three times the total measurement is necessary.

To find the amount of material to buy, measure your chair according to diagrams 1 and 2, fill in the chart, and take it to the salesman in the soft-furnishing department of the shop where you



intend to buy the material. From this he will be able to *assess correctly* the exact amount required without cutting to waste.

MEASURING CHART.

- (1) Outside back, A to C =
- (2) Outside arms, E to G =
- (3) Skirt or frill, N to P =
- (4) Inside back, A to B =
- (5) Seat, B to D =
- (6) Border, D to M =
- (7) Inside arms, E to F =
- (8) Facing, H to K =

Allow for a 9-inch tuck-in at bottom of back, at back and sides of seat, at the inside of the arms. Measure separately any extra cushions.

Numbers 2 and 7 and 8 are duplicated for each side, of course. No. 3 is also duplicated, plus the extra needed for fullness of pleats or gathers.

CUTTING OUT.

UNLESS you can get a paper pattern of the exact size and shape of your chair, cut the cover direct from the material fitted over the chair.

Start with the fabric at the top of the chair and cut out the front first, remembering to place the fabric *right side down* on the chair so that the pinned seams are all ready for stitching. *Don't forget* to allow the 9 inch tuck-in at the bottom of the back, and at the back and sides of the seat.

Pin the material to the upholstery seams. Push the pins part way in, to act as cutting guides. Leave ample allowance for seams, and mould the material to the chair.

For the arms, first pin the material along E (see diagram 2) bringing the fabric over the rounded arm and down to the seat level at F (see diagram 1). Allow the 9 inches for the tuck-in and cut off.

Leave each piece in place on the upholstery and pin it, in raw standing seams, to the neighbouring piece as it's cut. Cut the entire cover this way with the exception of the skirt or flounce.

The skirt, whether pleated, gathered or straight, is made separately, and completely finished with the bottom hem (and pleats or gathers) before it is attached to the cover itself.

Leave an opening in the

HOME CHAT

HOUSE . . .



FOR inexpensive and individual furnishing schemes, buy whitewood furniture and decorate it yourself. There's a new budget-priced range by W. Lusty and Sons which brings this bedroom of nursery furniture that retails at £7 2s. 3d., and, right, a versatile ottoman at £4 3s. 9d. Decorated with mosaics and a frilled skirt, it would make an extra seat and table unit.



back side-seam of the cover for a zipper or hooks and eyes. (Press-studs are not very satisfactory.) Should there be an extra cushion, leave a similar opening.

Decorative touches may be added at the main seams. The most popular is the piped seam. This is made with white piping cord covered by a bias

GUEST-WRITER, GINA ROLAND
reveals an easy way of making
loose covers without cutting
your material to waste . . .

strip either of the cover material or a contrasting colour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and sewn close to the cord with a piping or welting foot on the sewing machine.

This welt is easy to insert into the pinned slip cover, after you take it from the chair. The cord part should show neatly on the right side and the raw edges on the wrong side.

A DIVAN COVER.

A TWO-PIECE cover with inverted pleats at the corners is easy to put on and take off a divan which is used for sleeping on at night and as a lounge by day.

First, tack four strips of material to the box-spring mattress, over-sewing the sides together as you go round to get a perfect fit (Figure 3). The strips will remove easily at any time for cleaning.

To make the top, cut an oblong shape a little bigger than the top mattress, allowing room for the bed-clothes and possibly an eiderdown. The cover should be large enough to slip on and off easily without being bulky.

Now cut material for the four sides, allowing an extra 8 inches at each corner for the pleats (Figure 4). Join the sides to the centre piece, then press down the pleats. The side pieces should be a little deeper than

the "skirt" strips for a smooth appearance.

By the way, if pieces have to be joined, press the seams with a warm iron.

See that the pleats in chair frills are equally spaced, starting with the centre front of the skirt.

Have a plentiful supply of long millinery pins.

ITS SHOULDER LINE IS NEWS.

(Continued from page 19.)

k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) to end.
5th row : K. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) to end.
Cast off in ribbing.

The Waist Borders.

WITH right side facing, using B wool and No. 12 needles, pick up and k. 112 sts. along back waist edge and work 6 rows in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing.

Change to No. III needles and continue in ribbing until border is 3 ins. deep.

Cast off in ribbing.

Work along front waist edge in the same way.

The Making Up.

PRESS work on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, avoiding the ribbings. Join right shoulder seam. Sew up side seams to within $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins. of shoulders. Sew up sleeve seams. Set sleeves into armholes. Press seams.

I UNDRESSED next morning with every intention of going out to look for a wedding present for Sylvia and George Dennis. And then I realised that my group had a lecture at ten o'clock, and hurried into my uniform again.

I had taken off the ring, on its tape, and I thrust it into my watch-pocket, because I couldn't wait to unlock my drawer and put it away safely, before I snatched up my notebook and ran.

It was a medicine lecture, and it was James. He asked a good many questions which tied up with his previous lectures, and my hand went up nearly every time, but he didn't once glance my way.

When he had finished revising he went on to discuss the various anaemias, but he didn't really look at home or show any enthusiasm at all, until he came to the subject of leukaemia.

Then he leaned forward on his elbows and came alive, while he talked about radiation effects, cosmic rays, and so on. I knew why. He was remembering things he had heard discussed at the recent conference, and he was alive because they were as new and interesting to him as they were to us, so that he forgot his self-consciousness.

Afterwards, when we filed out, I was the last from the back row. He said jerkily :

"Nurse Wood—just a moment, please." And then, when Sister Tutor hung back to chaperone me, he said : "All right, Sister. I shan't keep Nurse more than a minute, thank you," in a way that even she had to accept as a dismissal.

I went over and stood in front of the desk on the rostrum. In case Sister Tutor was still near the door, I said :

"Yes, sir ?"

He held out my watch and brooch.

"I've been taking care of these, for you. I haven't seen you before to give them back." He looked at my apron.

"Quite a haul—I see you have your badge, too."

I FOUND my own courage at last. I put my arms round his neck and pulled his head so that I could put my cheek against his. "It's all right, James," I told him. "My love, it's all right."



JUNIOR
HOME CHAT

CONCLUDING OUR TENDER SERIAL

"Yes," I said. "Matron gave it back to me. It's nice to be wearing it again. It takes a bit of living up to, but I meant to surprise you when we do our medical exam next year."

I pushed the watch back into its pocket, and the little ring fell out on to the desk in front of him. He picked it up before I could reach it, and looked at it vaguely. And then he said :

"Yes, I hope you will. But I may not be marking the papers, after all. I may not be here then." He swung the ring on its tape and didn't look up.

"But where are you going?" I asked.

He tossed me the ring then, and stood up.

"I haven't quite decided that yet."

He walked to the door and I automatically opened it for him, the way we'd been taught, but he waved me ahead of him into the corridor.

"I think we'd better drop this 'James' and 'Madam' business," he said quietly. "People might get the wrong impression, mightn't they?"

I was furious.

"Indeed they might," I said. "It hadn't occurred to me. I'm so sorry, sir."

He stopped walking then, as though he were going to say something, but he went on again immediately, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and I watched the swing doors of the Residents' quarters flap together behind him. That was that. I went over to the Home, took two aspirins and went to bed.

* * *

During the first part of the night I had no casualties at all, and I managed to write out the whole of his lecture and

do the diagrams, too. I knew I couldn't do it any better. There wasn't a single thing he could complain about. It was perfect, and it was complete by the time the relief probationer came to let me go to meal at a quarter to one. I was really proud of it.

At half past one, soon after I got back, I heard footsteps coming across the hall, and I knew whose they were. Only Jack took big, confident strides, like that.

"I can't stay," he told me. "Night Sister wants me, up in Ward 3."

"Oughtn't you to go straight away?" I said. "It may be urgent."

"Not so urgent as my own problems, this minute," he assured me. "Look—we didn't get this thing worked out. You know Ottway-Haydon's taking me on, don't you? Well, after that I should stand a good chance of—"

"JACK," I said patiently. "What's the hurry? I'm not getting married until I'm State Registered."

Jack's mouth was obstinate.

"Look, Lindy. When a chap decides to settle down, he doesn't think much of being kept hanging about for potty little reasons like getting State Registered."

"That isn't a potty reason," I protested. "And I shan't change my mind, Jack. It's no use trying to make me."

He looked more mulish than ever.

"Then all I can say is that you don't care about me. If you did, you'd be all agog to get married, like any other girl. You're just not *normal*."

"I don't know about being *normal*," I said, "but I'm not ready to get married. Not yet. I'm only twenty, Jack. I was at school a year ago. Don't rush me. And anyway, I haven't promised to marry you yet."

He got up and sulked out of the window. And then an ambulance ran into the courtyard and he had work to do.

When Casualty was quiet again, I stood looking across the yard at the Admin. block in the corner. I could see Night Sister in her office, talking to Jack. I wondered if I would ever be a Night Sister. I thought of little Nurse Hughes, down in the village below Cae Glas, and wondered if she had ever felt as I did, and if she had been distracted by offers of marriage from handsome, impatient young housemen like Jack.

If she had, she had survived them. She was one of the most contented people I had ever met, and people for miles around adored her. That was the way I would like to be.

(Continued on next page.)

NURSE

April 25th, 1959

By,
KATE NORWAY

JUNIOR NURSE.

(Continued from previous page.)

In the morning I stopped to put my lecture book in at the R.M.O.'s office. James was supposed to see them all, but I think Sister Tutor did most of the marking. There was a neatly printed note on his blotter. It said :

"R.M.O. away until to-morrow.
Miss Bird on call."

Piddock was waiting for me over in the Home.

"I thought we'd do yesterday's lecture," she said. "There were one or two things you might not have—"

"I've done it! Given it in!" I laughed at her astonished face.

"Let's go out for a coffee, or something, if you'd like to?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, I'd love to!" Piddock said. "But I do want to do a bit of lecture, first. Can you wait an hour?"

I said I'd have a bath while she scribbled.

WHEN we set off, an hour later, Catherine caught us up.

"Going anywhere special, or can I come, too? It isn't often I have a morning," she said.

We strolled along to the café together, and ordered coffee.

After about ten minutes, Piddock got up and said :

"Well, I must go. Want to finish that lecture."

"There's a busy little bee,"

Catherine told her. "Well, if you must, you must, I suppose."

We watched Piddock amble out and go down the road towards the hospital.

"Why was she in such a hurry?" I frowned.

Catherine looked across at me through her lashes.

"Because I tipped her off that I wanted to talk to you." She poured out another cup of coffee, and then looked up at me. "I thought you said it was all off with Jack?" she accused me. "But, yesterday he cornered me and said you'd got it all fixed, and that he would have to be strictly a one-girl man from now on. Well? Is it?"

"I don't know why you bother," I said. "But I'll tell you. Yes, he does want me to marry him, but he won't hear of my finishing my training first, so it's no go. Because nothing and nobody is going to stop me from getting State Registered."

Catherine's blue eyes brightened up.

"I see. Well, if you don't love him enough to give up your beastly career, you don't love him enough to marry him, do you? For the right man, I'd cheerfully ditch my career. I'd give up a job a thousand a week, for Master Beresford. And he knows it, too."

"Yes, Catherine. But you're older than I am. That makes a difference. And I don't think he'd

let you give up a job at a thousand a week, what's more!"

When I'd said that, I saw what I really thought of Jack. It was a relief to know.

"Why did you ever want him at all, Wood? That's what I can't see."

"I didn't really," I shrugged.

"But I'm terribly fond of him. And when he kisses me I go to bits. But it isn't enough." I looked straight at Catherine. "I can't give up my job, just for a man. It would be weak-minded, wouldn't it?"

She looked a good deal happier.

"If you feel like that you must be a born nurse. And if you are, maybe you'll never marry at all. You'll go on and on, until you're as old and tired and frumpish as Home Sister. Not for me, thanks."

"I hope things will work out for you, Catherine," I said. "I'm really very fond of you."

"Thanks," she said. "Let's go now."

When I went to bed I looked at my little silver lamp and rubbed it up on my handkerchief. I remembered how Catherine and I had wished on it, and how often I had wished on it since. My two wishes were wildly impossible, I knew that. I had always known it. Things just didn't work out that way in real life.

I tossed and turned a good deal before I went to sleep and when I woke to the fading evening I was heavy and tired.

Casualty was busy when I went on. There was a concussed pedalcyclist in the accident ward, waiting to ~~be~~ upstairs, and a pneumonia patient waiting to be seen in the admission room, as well as a little knot of people giving the facts of an accident to a policeman, out in the hall.

Miss Bird came to look at the pneumonia man as soon as I got there, and when she'd finished she washed her hands and said :

"Is there anything you want to know? I want to get up to Ward 2, and the R.M.O. won't be back until late, so I may be busy."

"No, Miss Bird. Will the R.M.O. be on call later, then?" I asked.

"After eleven," she told me. "He should be First On to-night, you see. I'm only a stand-in."

"Thank you. Then I won't call you after eleven," I said.

After I had put out the hall lights I tidied up the scattered papers on the C.O.'s desk, and put the benches straight. Then I washed up the used bowls in the dressing-room and boiled up the instruments. Afterwards, I checked the drums. I did all these things slowly and thoroughly, because the night looked long and dark ahead of me.

Little
One's
Own



TO encourage the little ones to keep their bedrooms tidy, make them each a novelty laundry bag! We made our kitten-bag from red and white checked gingham, and added little feet, a tail and a face in coloured felt. Seam two pieces of material together to make the kitten's body, leaving an opening on one side for putting in the dirty clothes. Make the head with two circles of felt, stitched together, and embroider the eyes, nose and mouth. Attach two felt ears, pipe cleaner whiskers, and a loop of tape for hanging up. Three large curtain rings or bangles round the kitten's neck will hold in the washing when the bag is full.



Shop W I N D O W W

TWO smart girls share a secret—their attractive cotton Tops are from Morley's new spring range. They're wonderfully pretty and marvellous value for money, says our expert, MARGARET LOMAX.

The cardigan on the left, No. B.586, is in finely ribbed light-weight cotton. SIZE : W. only. COLOURS : Yellow, Blue or White. PRICE 17s. 6d. The jumper on the right, No. B.561, is in fancy lace-mesh ribbed effect. SIZE : W. only. COLOURS : Ice, White or Straw. PRICE: 19s. 11d. Both come from Swan & Edgar, Sportswear Dept., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.I. Please state second choice of colour and include 9d. extra for packing and postage or 1s. 6d. for two or more garments outside the London area.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When the department was tidy again I opened the window and leaned out into the cold night air. I watched the lights going on and off in the main block, and I could guess what people were doing.

A car came in from the road. A door slammed, and someone walked up the steps opposite me across the courtyard. I snapped the window shut then, and went back to try to learn Sister Tutor's last lecture. It was on theatre technique and I could work up no interest at all. The way I saw it, medicine was so much more complicated and important than merely tailoring people's insides neatly. Medicine took skill, and brains, and patience, and selflessness.

Medicine took—I sat down and admitted it to myself for the first time.

Medicine took something James had. It took James.

And then I heard footsteps in the hall, and went out quickly to put the lights on. But I didn't because whoever it was had a torch ; and he was nearly across the maze of benches already,

because he knew his way and was coming fast. I began to tremble violently.

He was wearing the smoky tweed jacket again, but he didn't look young in it, as he had before. He looked deathly tired and anxious. At the same time, there was a secret excitement about him.

Confusedly, I pulled out the C.O.'s revolving chair for him, but he went straight over to sit on the corner of the desk.

"Sit down," he told me. "I've a good deal to say, and you may get tired of listening if you stand up."

I sat down. It was good to be told what to do, so that I didn't have to think what I'd been taught. That way I could make no mistakes.

He leaned over and put my lecture book in front of me. I looked down at it, and then up at his face.

"No good?" I asked.

"I've been lecturing to students for years, and to nurses long enough. I've never seen a lecture better written up, or better under-

stood." He began to fill his pipe, very carefully tucking in the strands as though each one mattered individually. "It's—it's a poem."

I waited.

He moved uneasily on the desk, and put his pipe back in his pocket. He began to twirl the C.O.'s chair with his foot, sending it a turn one way, and then a turn the other way.

"You take medicine seriously, don't you?" He kicked the chair again, and it went round a full turn.

"Yes," I said. "What other way is there to take it?"

"There are other ways. There are people who see it as a way of making money. There are others who see it as conferring some social status. There are students—and nurses—who think it dull and un-dramatic." He looked at me in a way that made my heart turn over. "And then there are people like us."

"Like us?" I pointed out shakily : "I know very little about it."

(Continued on next page.)

JUNIOR NURSE.

(Continued from previous page.)

"No. But you will. And what you do know, you care about." He got off the table and paced across to the window. "Your notes pretty well *caress* the subject!" He stood there stiffly, looking out, with his hands in his pockets and his head bent. "Have you ever wanted to be a physician?" he shot at me, turning round quickly.

I stared at him.

"I only want to be a nurse. To—to help. I never want the responsibility of being a doctor!" His face lit up.

"Ah! You see that it's a responsibility! How many junior nurses think that? How many senior nurses? How many students? You see? It's all part of—" He sat down again, breathing fast, and clasped his hands tightly round one knee. His sock was crumpled round his ankle, like a child's. "Listen. Please listen. I don't want you to be upset. Above all, I don't want to rush you. I want you just to think about it quietly, to think what I'm saying."

My hands were shaking and I put them in my lap, under the table. Dear God, I thought, let it be true.

"I won't be upset, James," I said. "Nothing you can say can upset me, ever. I'm listening."

He felt for words for what seemed a long time.

"You plan to go on with your training—to complete it?"

"Of course."

"You wouldn't lightly abandon it?" he demanded.

"I wouldn't set it aside for any consideration," I told him.

"I see." He pulled out his pipe again. "You are quite sure about that?"

This could be the end of everything, I thought. I said:

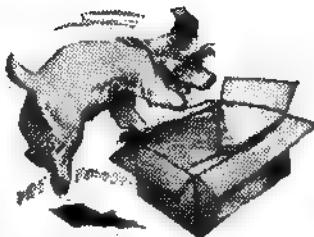
"Quite sure. As long as I don't make a mess of it."

"Then you are able to accept the idea that a man might feel the same about *his* work. That even—even a man who loved a woman dearly, very dearly, might have to put his work before her sometimes."

"Of course. Especially a doctor. I couldn't respect him unless he did feel that way. How could I?" Then I blurted out: "That was what was wrong about Jack—I didn't respect him."

He let out a long, slow sigh, and got up, and stood quite still, very erect, looking at me.

Then he came round the desk and put his hand on the nape of my neck, as he'd done when Mrs. Abbott was dying; and his fingers, separate and alive, were as kind and reassuring as they had been then. But this time he



SMUDGE is getting so excited because he's being posted to "Woman's Weekly"!

tipped my head back and put his mouth down on mine, and it was everything I had always known it would be.

When he lifted his head I said: "I'm not crying. It's just that—I never thought—"

"Dear, dear, Madam," he said softly. "They didn't teach me about this in medical school, and I'm probably doing it all wrong. And, but for your love-letter of a lecture book, I might not have had the courage even now."

I found my own courage at last. I got up and put my arms round his neck and pulled his head down so that I could put my cheek against his.

"It's all right, James," I told him. "My love, it's all right."

"You see," he went on, "medicine is my life. It has to be. That's how I am. My—my wife will have to feel the same. Madam, when you are quite ready, will you marry me?"

"I didn't know this was how people felt," I said. "I just didn't know." I wanted to stop trembling, but I couldn't.

AND then he kissed me again; it was like burying my hot face in the Cae Glas primroses, because it was so gentle.

"I thought it was just that you were so like Father," I stumbled on. "And I never thought it could come true. I wished on my lamp a thousand times. You'd never have danced with me that night, if you'd known I was only a Lamb."

"That night? I knew then that I didn't much want to face a future without someone like you somewhere in it. But it looked impossible to me, too. I waited and waited, wanting not to rush you. And then—then you were involved with Beresford, or so I thought. I was afraid I'd lost you altogether. Then, yesterday, I knew I couldn't stand it any longer . . . Do you know where I've been to-day? I've been to see your parents."

"My parents?" I stared at him. "Why?"

"Because, my love, you are so very young. It wouldn't have been fair for me to come and tell you

how I felt, without consulting them. I also"—he smiled—"described to them a certain ring. I was relieved to hear that it was your grandmother's."

"James—"

"Yes, my love?"

"Nothing. But I do love you so very much that I don't know how to say it. There must be a snag." I looked up at him. "Did my father say 'No'?"

"And if he did?"

"If he did, I am afraid it would make no difference, now."

He put my cap down carefully and stroked the back of my head.

"There's no snag. They were both very happy about it. He hesitated. "I only have one wish—"

"Anything you wish, that is what I wish, too," I told him.

"It's just that I want you to enjoy being a person in your own right, before you tie yourself down to me. And I want you to go on loving medicine. You're so young. None of this is fair to you. But I need you so much."

"This is so—so mighty. I don't know, any more. Must I tell you now?"

"No. But if you say I must wait three years, I shall wait. Somehow, I shall wait."

"I know you will," I said. "Dear James, if you didn't, I think I should die. I shall have to buy you an amethyst to protect you from all the beautiful young women you'll meet!"

"I shall buy you an amethyst," I said. "To-morrow. And you shall hang it on a bright red ribbon and wear it round your neck under your uniform, and when we meet on duty I shall tweak you, to see if it's there."

I laughed for the first time.

"If you do," I said. "Matron will take my P.T.S. badge away again." Then the ambulance bell jangled and he picked up my cap and put it on for me with great care and tenderness.

"It still looks crooked," he told me. "There's a casualty, Nurse Wood. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Yes, darling James."

We went to opposite sides of the room and stood looking at one another in a way that was like a remote kind of kissing, until the men brought the stretcher through the door. And as we went forward together to receive the patient, it was as if we were one person, doing one job, and I knew that this was how it would always be.

Wherever I was, he would be, too. Whatever he wanted, that was what I would want. I no longer marvelled that he was so like Father, but only that my father was so like James.

THE END.

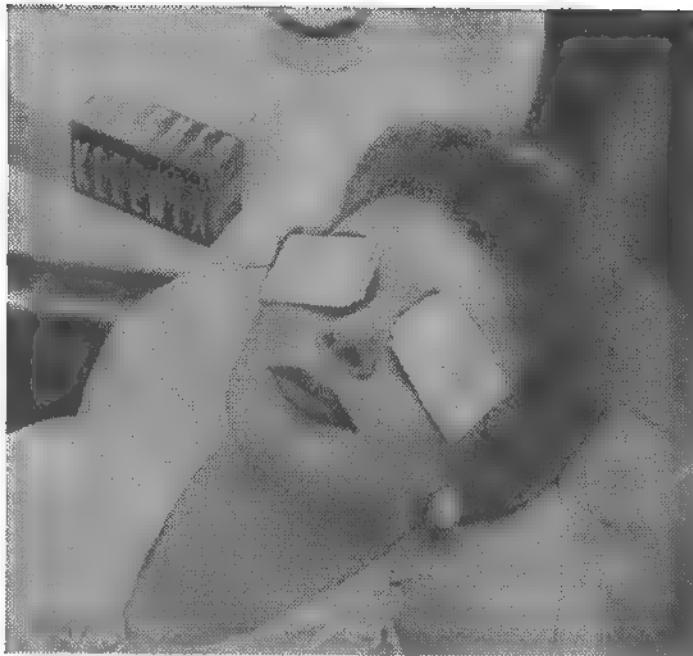
HOME CHAT

WE should all try to cultivate relaxation for it's the answer to tension caused by hurry, worry and strain, and it's so essential to our looks.

But it only comes gradually, with practice, and here are a few simple ways of getting started.

If you've been out shopping all day and come home thoroughly weary, don't dash straight to the kitchen and cope with the dinner. Lie flat on your bed for ten minutes, close your eyes and cover the lids with cold compresses made from folded tissues soaked in witch hazel. There's nothing more refreshing.

Then, try to make your mind a blank. If you can't stop thinking, think about something nice. Don't brood over household matters, money worries or anything calling for careful concentration.



RELAX FOR Radiance

While you rest, stretch your arms and legs to relieve tension in the muscles, and breathe deeply. Do the same thing at night when you first get into bed, and you'll stand a much better chance of sleeping soundly. If you can average eight hours of complete relaxation, it will make all the difference to how you look and feel next morning.

The bath is another good place to relax, preferably in the evening when the day's work is done. Run the water fairly hot, scent it with handfuls of your favourite bath salts or else a generous sprinkling of perfumed essence, and, with a small foam pillow under your neck, lie back and soak for five minutes. It's bliss, mentally and physically.

Certain beauty "chores" such as brushing your hair, massaging your face and neck with skin food, are excellent for relieving tension. Take your time doing these jobs, and always bend from the waist when you brush. It sends more blood to the head, more oxygen to the brain.

MASSAGE after cleansing, with a light penetrating cream designed to suit your individual needs. If you're naturally nervy, your skin is almost certainly dry, your face and neck thin.

says EILEEN TERRY, if you would keep your youth and good looks.

Maximum nourishment is needed to restore oil, moisture and fullness to the tissues, so use a cream such as "Skinfare" by Atkinsons which works with Nature to revitalise and regenerate the skin cells.

The movements in massage are important, so do let me send you my illustrated chart (write to Home Chat's Beauty Dept., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope), and when you cream your neck, spend a little time pinching and kneading at the nape of the neck where tension is always more pronounced.

How can you let up during the day without getting behind with your work? It's easy. When you're travelling in a bus or train, close your eyes and have forty winks. When it's time for elevenses, sit for five minutes with your spine well supported and your feet on a low stool.

Never bolt your food at meal-times. Chew slowly, and enjoy every mouthful.

If you're living within easy reach of London, why not perfect the art of relaxation by taking a course of lessons? Atkinsons hold beauty and relaxation classes at 24, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, twice daily at 1.30 p.m. and 5.45 p.m. A course of six lessons, each lasting roughly an hour, together with one facial beauty treatment, which can be taken any time during the course, comes to £3 12s.

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY" BRINGS YOU HELPFUL AND PRACTICAL BEAUTY ADVICE EVERY WEEK

Portrait of MAGGIE

WHEN Maggie Liston's father died, leaving her all alone, in debt and just leaving school, she tried to hide her fear and humiliation.

"I'm going to *do* something about this!" she cried, her brown eyes flashing.

Putting aside her dream of going to a university, she took over her father's small, unsuccessful watch and clock repairing business. She refused to make dates except with Clive, who *did* go to a university. And at night, in her tiny flat, she studied bookkeeping and merchandising as well as watch repairing.

With a business sense not inherited from her father, she managed to add one or two lines to her modest stock. Not bad progress for three years. One day the shop would bring her a good living, if she kept as her guide the neat *No Credit* sign that hung on one wall.

Now, as the young man in the blue sports jacket smiled at her across the counter, she was not moved to give him the credit he asked.

"Sorry," she said. "Come back when you have the money for your watch."

"Don't you trust me?" the young man asked. "Is it because I'm new to the place? Or don't you think I have an honest face?"

"You have a nice face," she replied, "but I'm sure you understand this is business."

His face was nice—his dark blue eyes, firm jaw, and a totally irresponsible smile that strangely resembled Clive's!

"Can't we do an exchange deal?" the young man suggested. "After all, I'm an artist."

"No, thanks!" she said crisply. "I don't need any murals to-day."

He shrugged and gave her a lazy smile.

"Well, how about coming up to my garret to see the evidence of my neglected talent?"

She shook her head. It was hard to dislike him.

"I've no appreciation of art," she said.

"I was afraid of that. You *look* like the practical type."

Maggie stiffened.



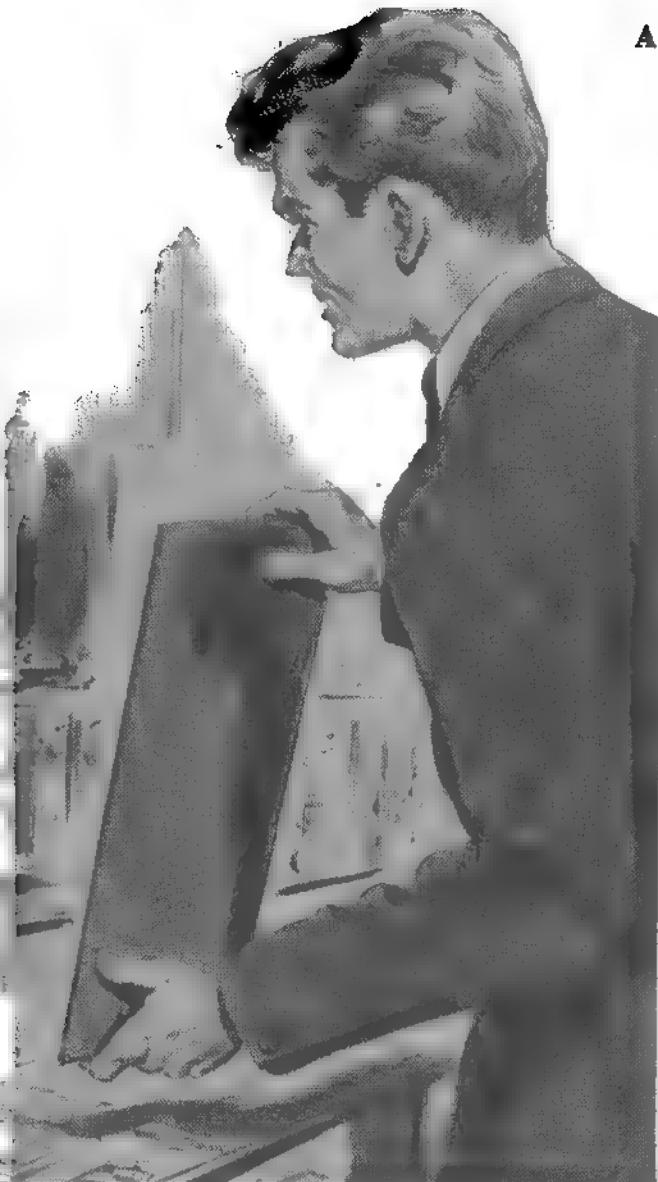
"You bet I'm practical!" Her voice was bitter. "You with your carefree life, your art-for-art's-sake outlook. Why don't you get a job and face up to your responsibilities? And don't try to tell me you haven't any other creditors."

He grinned.

"None so pretty as you, or with such a money-for-money's-sake look."

He turned and walked out of the shop, and Maggie rushed furiously into the back room and peered into the small mirror above the washstand.

"Money-for-money's-sake look indeed!" she muttered angrily.



A SHORT, SHORT STORY

by Barney Sabath

only it was someone else. The girl's hair was untidy and her smile was warm and eloquent.

For a moment Maggie could only stammer and stare at the strange picture. What did it mean? Surely it contained some hidden insult.

Speaking as calmly as she could, she said:

"Please leave—now, and I mean right now!"

"I know," he said, resignedly. "No credit."

"Right," she said. "No credit. Go, and take your picture with you."

"I want you to have it," he said firmly, then he grinned.

Maggie paused. Something in the way he spoke touched her. She delved into the showcase and handed him his wrist-watch.

"I want you to have this," she said. "Transaction closed. Good-bye, Mr.—" she examined the ticket on the watch, "—Mr. Will Trent."

"I wonder if you'd go out with me some evening soon," he said, smiling.

"No, thank you," she snapped.

"We might take a walk and look at the moon," he said. "You know my—financial condition."

"I know," she said drily.

Another customer entered and Maggie turned away. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Will Trent scribbling on the scrap of paper that had been attached to his watch. As he left she scooped up the paper and glanced at it. It was an address and the invitation, "Come and see my pictures some time soon."

Later on, Maggie glanced at the portrait again. It angered her, and yet it fascinated her. She took it into the back room, propped it on a crate, and looked at it for a long time.

It made her feel guilty; it made her feel empty. Probably that was its purpose, she thought contemptuously. That girl with the unruly hair and enigmatic smile wasn't Maggie Liston. She couldn't understand why it bothered her.

One afternoon her Uncle Tim Dexter came in. He was small and shrunken, but he had a twinkling humour and vitality that Maggie admired.

"How's business?" he asked.

"Fine, darling. How about having dinner with me?" she said.

He nodded.

"Why don't you close early to-day?" he suggested. "I'm hungry already."

"Can't," she said. "Business."

(Continued on next page.)

FOR a moment, Maggie could only stammer and stare at the strange picture. What did it mean?

A week later, she was surprised when he came back with a large flat parcel under his arm. He put it down carefully on the showcase and unwrapped it.

Then he held up the picture for her to see. It was a watercolour of a girl with Maggie's face—

April 25th, 1959



Are you making the most of your career?

EVEN though you love your job you sometimes don't feel too bright; downright snappish, in fact.

Perhaps constipation is upsetting you. You may have seen the poster issued by "Family Doctor," the British Medical Association's magazine, on the subject of constipation. "Beware of purgatives," it says, "they may actually cause constipation." And it recommends, instead, "regular habits and exercise, sufficient fluid and adequate bulk in your diet."

Just what is bulk, and why is it important to you? Bulk is roughage, the fibrous element in things like fruit and vegetables. We tend to eat a diet which lacks bulk. Without bulk, intestinal muscles cannot easily grip waste matter and pass it through the system. The muscles are actually weakened by lack of exercise and constipation results.

You may have heard of Kellogg's All-Bran, the delicious natural-bulk cereal. It is not a medicine—it is a crisp appetizing breakfast food. Try it every morning for ten days. If, at the end of that time, you are not regular again, Kellogg's will refund double the price of the packet. But if you are not normal in ten days, you should consult a doctor. Once you are regular, just add a little All-Bran to your favourite cereal each morning.

PORTRAIT OF MAGGIE.

(Continued from previous page.)

"You are all work," he said with a sigh. "I'll take my newspaper and read in the back room."

A moment later Maggie heard him give a surprised exclamation.

"I just saw the painting, Maggie," he called out.

"Atrocious, isn't it?" she said, and laughed, but he didn't answer.

* * *

"What did you think of the picture?" Maggie asked her uncle over dinner.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course. That's why I'm asking," she said.

The old man's eyes grew sober.

"First I thought, here is a woman in love, painted by a man in love. Then I thought, it can't be Maggie." He paused. "It looks very much like your mother."

"Why do you think it's like my mother—was she terribly in love?"

"Terribly," said Uncle Tim.

"But how could she be? Father was so—careless of money. Look how he died—leaving nothing."

"Your father had a capacity for love," her uncle said. "Scrubbing floors and making a meal out of left-overs didn't make your mother unhappy. They had a really wonderful life together."

THAT night Maggie cried herself to sleep.

Uncle Tim had said the picture was a painting of a woman in love, by a man in love, and Maggie cried because it was not a picture of her; because she wanted to change herself but didn't know how to begin.

Next morning, when she unlocked the shop, she found that an envelope had been slipped into the letter-box during the night. Inside she found five pounds. From the truculent Will Trent, of course. No one else owed her money.

At mid-day she hung a note on the door, "Gone for the day", locked up, and left the shop.

She consulted a scrap of paper and walked down several streets to the address written on it. The landlady, a sharp-eyed woman, said Mr. Trent was out. When Maggie introduced herself as a friend and asked to be let into the flat, the woman shrugged and said he always left his door unlocked.

Maggie was startled by the disorder of the place. It held an old mahogany chest, two chairs, and an unmade brass bed. The rest was a confusion of art materials. Pictures were propped haphazardly against the walls. The floor was littered with used-up paint tubes and scraps of canvas.

She hesitated in the doorway, a warning voice reminding her that there was still time to be sensible. She could close the door behind her and go back to the shop—to the security she was building for herself.

She could forget Will Trent, just as she had forgotten Clive . . . except that she hadn't forgotten. That was why she was here. Determination rose inside her—she would not leave until she knew whether there was real hope for herself and Will Trent.

She picked up the pictures and set them on the easel, one at a time, and studied them. Some were landscapes, some portraits. In each she saw Will Trent, strong yet gentle. She began to understand why he lived in an attic and painted with such determination.

"Painted by a man in love," she murmured to herself.

Then she went downstairs and asked the landlady for a bucket of water, a scrubbing brush and a cloth. She hung the jacket of her suit over a chair, rolled up her blouse sleeves and began to bring order to the cluttered studio.

While she was on her knees scrubbing, she heard footsteps on the stairs. Then the door opened and she found herself staring up at Will Trent. He was wearing a suit, a white shirt and a conservative tie. He removed his hat, disclosing well-brushed hair.

"Hallo," he said, his smile showing more pleasure than surprise.

Maggie managed a weak "Hallo."

"I've got a job," Will Trent said.

"Thank you for the money," Maggie said, still weakly.

"I owed it."

Neither spoke for a moment. Then Maggie rose and stood beside the window.

"Your job," she said huskily; "you've got to give it up."

"We'll talk later," he said, smiling. "First, I'm taking you to dinner. I have money this time. Go down to the bathroom on the second floor and clean up. Here's a towel."

Maggie stumbled dizzily down the stairs. She closed the bathroom door behind her and leaned wearily against the basin for a moment. Then she stared into the mirror. Her hair was loose, perspiration glistened on her forehead, and her nose was smudged. But there was a smile that was new—a smile of discovery. It was the smile of a woman in love.

This time she recognised the face reflected in the mirror. It was the girl in the picture.

THE END.

YOU'LL FIND DELIGHTFUL STORIES REGULARLY IN "WOMAN'S WEEKLY".

HOME CHAT



Photo: Philip Johnson.

"GROWING PAINS"

TRAINING a toddler is the subject of this week's important article by our expert Dr. MARGARET.

have something to interest and occupy them; if they are bent on holding long conversations. If your baby starts poking into your handbag, give him something from the bag which he can play with, then slip it safely over your arm.

Certainly, there are some things a child shouldn't meddle with ; but these should be kept well out of his reach. In the case of anything dangerous, such as sharp scissors or a box of matches, the best rule is not just *out of reach* but *out of sight*, and preferably in a locked cupboard or drawer. Children, with a sense of adventure, will go to surprising lengths to reach something they can see. A dangerous thing is *never* safe from an enterprising child if he can still see it ! Scolding and smacking are not the answer. Rule out the risk ; then you will have real ease of mind.

A child should certainly have possessions and somewhere to keep them, so he can feel they are truly his. But, if there's a happy spirit of give-and-take in the household, he will gradually outgrow the possessive stage. The idea of ownership should not be overstressed at all.

HOW do you set about this with a young child who is possessive about his toys ? Don't try to force him to share. I find too many children whose pastimes at home seem solitary and self-contained, rather than a family effort.

Every child needs to play with others of the same age. If they are very young, they will need grown-up supervision or they will soon fall out over "mine" and "yours" ; but this stage passes, and they learn to enjoy a shared playtime, which also has a very profound effect on character-building. If a child constantly plays with much older children they will tend to boss, or, on the other hand, spoil and give way to him. He, in turn, will impose his will on children younger than himself.

If your toddler is really very "difficult" at playing with others happily, you yourself may be his best playmate for a while, and especially so if you think up games and occupations which make him feel useful. All children, however "difficult" or mischievous at heart, long to "feel good inside" ; and few will fail to respond if you take delight in their efforts and show pride and approval when they have tried to please you. Do stress this rather than punish them for their shortcomings !

TAKE your fingers out of my handbag this minute ! "

The voice was sharp, and so was the smack that I heard ; and then there was a bellow of pain and rage. It wasn't a slick-fingered pickpocket—just a toddler exploring his mother's handbag which lay on his pram, as she stood enjoying a long chat with another pram-pushing mother.

"I'd like you to bring the twins to tea," the baby's mother said, "but Jackie doesn't play nicely with other children. He won't share his toys. We have such scenes, you'd never believe."

I could, indeed, believe her little boy was unwilling to share his toys with other children, when he had such an example of possessiveness in his mother !

Curiosity is natural in a child. It's healthy, progressive and the best way of learning. But, if this natural impulse to explore and handle things is sharply checked whenever he indulges it, it seems to me obvious he will act similarly when his small playmates want to handle and enjoy *his* things.

Mothers should make sure their toddlers

DR. MARGARET'S HEALTH AND BABY PAGE.

HOTEL MIRADOR.

(Continued from page 11.)

sit under umbrellas, drinking whisky and American soft drinks, he ended with a touch of wry humour. "Shall we now go to dinner? I will advise you what to eat."

The dining-room of the Hotel Mirador was on a par with everything else in the place—spacious and pillared. There was heavy white linen on the tables, which were set with immaculate glass and silver. Numerous dark-skinned waiters flitted about under the eye of a shrewd French maître d'hôtel.

Pierre de Chalain seated Sally at a table for three near the wall and ordered a light wine from the hovering steward. Then from the menu he chose Creme Maroc, Sole Brunot and Steak Charpentier.

Brunot and Charpentier, he informed her, were military men who had to be honoured whenever they brought a party to the hotel for dinner. If mademoiselle would look down the dining-room to the right, she would see two large tables decorated with orchids; they were prepared for this evening's military party.

"Do you often give functions for celebrities?" she asked. "I

arrived during a garden-party held by someone called the Caid."

He nodded.

"The Moors like to hold their festivities either in a vast empty room, or in the garden." He spread his hands and smiled. "As you see, we could not be more prosperous. And it is all due to Mr. Ryland."

She gestured youthfully.

"It's not so difficult to have material success when you give everything to it. Maybe he never thinks of anything else but making money."

"No," Pierre said gently. "Money does not mean a great deal to Dane. He likes success, to have the reins of several businesses in his hands and to be responsible for all the people involved. In the matter of the Mirador he set himself a goal, and achieved it. It was the same with the phosphate mine, and I am hoping it will be the same with a date-plantation which I am half-inclined to purchase." He smiled. "You will not be interested in such things. Tell me what you think of the Creme Maroc."

The soup was excellent, and Sally told him so. They went through the courses. When dessert was placed on the table Sally

said she would prefer to have coffee upstairs in her room.

"I'd like to take my time over it and read a book," she explained.

"So you read!"

"Well, naturally." Sally liked Monsieur de Chalain but she couldn't quite make him out. He seemed anxious to keep her here, yet several times he had been approached by a waiter with a message. "If you are needed in your office, monsieur, I'm quite ready to leave."

"But there is an hurry." He glanced over his shoulder towards the wide entrance to the dining-room, got out cigarettes. "You smoke, mademoiselle?"

"I do; but not now, thank you."

"Then, perhaps . . ." He had again cast a hasty look towards the entrance, and this time his expression cleared and the half rose.

A slender, graceful young man was coming towards them. He was black-haired, beautifully tanned and incredibly handsome in the Latin style, but his eyes were so light in colour that Sally instantly labelled them golden.

He was smiling, showing good teeth and looking as if he found most things highly amusing.

"So you come at last," Monsieur de Chalain said severely. Then, in the next breath, he melted. "You can explain later what has kept you, Mademoiselle—" to Sally "—I present my son, Antoine. Tony, this young lady is Miss Sally Yorke; she comes to give treatment to Dane's cousin."

Tony de Chalain raised a black eyebrow.

"Well, well, a girl from England. I'm honoured to make your acquaintance, Miss Yorke."

"Sit down, Tony," his father said with a touch of irritation. "Drink a little wine, and then you must escort mademoiselle to her suite."

"Before I eat?"

"Certainly, before you eat. We have dined already. You may dine later." He turned to Sally and bowed. "I feel I can no longer leave my duties. Many thanks for your company at dinner, Miss Yorke. Good-night."

She answered him, and as he moved away she looked at his son, who was seating himself opposite her at the table. Tony de Chalain was grinning and a wicked gleam danced in his eyes.

"The old chap is transparent, isn't he?" he said calmly. "He has never before hung on at the table for me. While I'm in Shiran, I come and go here just as I please. Do you mind having me thrust at you?"

"Is that what is happening?" she asked vaguely.

HOME CHAT

About the Garden

APPLE and pear trees that make vigorous growth, but produce very little fruit, can be made more fruitful by bark-ringing. This checks the downward flow of the foods manufactured by the leaves, so that they're retained in the upper part of the tree, encouraging the development of the fruit buds.

FIG. 1 Bark-ringing consists of removing a narrow $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strip of bark right round the trunk, but if the trees are old, it is wiser to take out two half rings, separated by about 4 inches.

Very drastic bark-ringing can kill a tree, so if you don't know the age of it, take out one half ring now and another on the opposite side of the trunk in a year's time.

Mark the extent of the cut in pencil on the trunk (Fig. 1), and then cut the bark down to, but not into, the woody core. The bark can then be lifted out carefully (Fig. 2), and the wound covered with adhesive tape until new bark has formed. If you decide to remove two separate half-rings at the same time, the effect of

the bark-ringing is increased by the extent that the ends of the half-rings overlap one another (Fig. 3). You must be guided by the vigour and age of the tree, but if in doubt, then err on the side of moderation.

Bark-ringing is only effective if the sap is running freely and the early part of May is usually a very suitable time. In the case of "stone" fruits, bark-ringing will probably lead to "gumming", so vigorous growth must be checked by autumn root-pruning.

FIG. 2

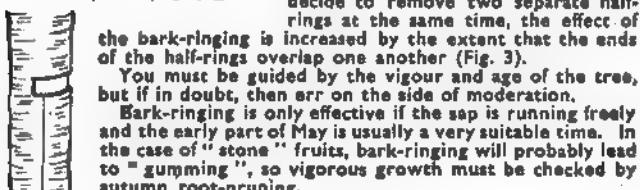


FIG. 3

MARY ROSE.

"Never mind—it's extremely pleasant. Are you sure you can't eat a second dinner?"

"Quite sure. What exactly is your father trying to do?"

"You'll find out. I must say he knows how to pick 'em. May I call you Sally?"

"If you like."

"I've been staying forty miles away, at El Riza. My father drove down to see me a couple of days ago and we came here together late this afternoon. The poor old chap takes life heavily."

"That's no way to speak of your father!"

Sally's tone surprised him; he widened his eyes at her.

"He said you were different, and you are. Oh, yes"—as it was her turn to look astonished—"he's already told me about you. Met you in Dane's office, apparently, and was instantly floored. Yet I shouldn't call you a dish for a Frenchman. It's that scrubbed, honest look about you that must have nailed him."

"You're a very odd person, Monsieur de Chalain!"

He laughed.

"Just Tony. Tony, who never sticks to anything for more than a few weeks, who needs a wife who is steady and strong in spirit, but young and tender enough to rouse his protective instincts and be a good companion as well as a firm guide. Do you recognise yourself?"

Sally sat back, appalled.

"Oh, really, you're going rather far. I'm quite certain your father thought nothing of the kind!"

"You don't know my father. You don't know me, either." Tony drank some wine, rested both hands in front of him on the table and leant towards her, confidently. "It's only fair that you should understand the set-up. I've been living with a family in El Riza—the son is my friend. They have vineyards and olive groves and for some time I've been helping over there—much to my father's disgust. He has been trying to persuade me to work here in Shiran, but I'm not interested in commerce. I haven't been here for some weeks, because each time I showed up it was a signal for the old man to press home the necessity for a career. Well, in the end he came to me, and we had it out. I want a business of my own—a date plantation."

"Your father mentioned something about it," Sally said. "Mr. Ryland is to be consulted, isn't he?"

Tony nodded sceptically.

"But he won't touch it. Dane can pick up a lame proposition and make it tick in no time, but I can't see him doing it for me. After all, I've never given him reason to believe I'm worth it, so

you couldn't blame him for turning me down, could you?"

"Have you already found a plantation?"

"Yes. It's gone wild and the dates have deteriorated, but there's no doubt that, with cash, it could be made into a first-class proposition. My father is willing to use most of his capital to purchase the property, but the administration and improvements would have to be covered by as much again. If Dane backed it and floated a company, the thing would succeed."

"Like this hotel?"

"That's right. You should have seen this place five years ago!"

"Yes, I've already heard about it." Sally smiled and gave a small shrug. "Well, I hope you'll get your plantation, some way or other. I must go now."

"NOT yet," he said. "You haven't told me anything about yourself!"

"There nothing to tell. I already have a career and I love my family. In fact, I'm far too normal to be interesting."

"But don't you realise that the normal is outlandish here in Shiran?" he said engagingly. "I'm beginning to wonder whether my father isn't rather a good judge of English women."

"Now you're being silly," Sally admonished. "Your father is much too sensible to jump to conclusions about someone he doesn't know."

He reached over and took hold of her fingers and gripped them firmly when she made to withdraw.

"It's all right—the French do this kind of thing, so it won't matter if we're seen. I'm only clutching at you to make sure you don't get up. Look here, Sally, you and I ought to get together. If you're staying for some time you'll be lonely without an escort, and I'll promise to be no more than friendly. We'll find heaps to talk about."

"I'm here to do all I can for Michael Ritchie," she said flatly. "I want no complications of any kind."

"Mike," he said. "Yes, of course. Have you met him yet?"

"No. I'm going to see him tomorrow."

"Mike and I used to be buddies, but he's gone peculiar." He reverted to the earlier topic. "I don't want any complications,

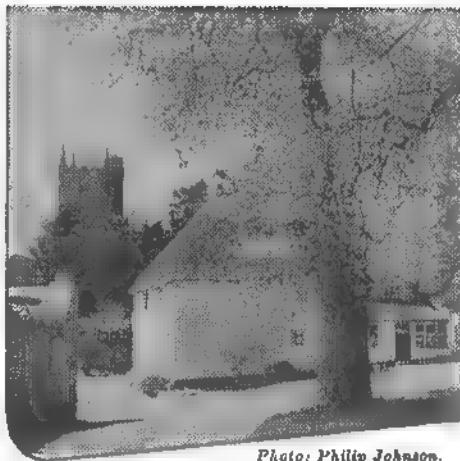


Photo: Philip Johnson.

THE *Cherry Tree*

THE cherry tree's in bloom again,
Blossoming after April's rain,
Ebon bark, and wax-like flowers
Make a host of scented bowers
On this and all spring's charming trees
In blossom now for gypsy bees.

Rosemary Young.

either, but apart from Dane and Mike I'm probably the nearest thing to an Englishman you'll get in these parts. You'll expire from boredom if you don't have someone to show you round. Besides, I think we'll amuse each other, don't you?"

"We might," she admitted. "Let's wait and see, shall we? I definitely must go now."

But Tony was slow in releasing her hand, too slow. Someone paused beside their table, looking down at them with cool, sea-green eyes.

"Good-evening, Tony," Dane Ryland said. "No, don't get up. Order your dinner. I'll take Miss Yorke to her room."

But Tony stood up swiftly, his smile faintly embarrassed.

"Hallo, Dane," he said. "I tried to get in to see you, but you were busy."

"Make it ten o'clock to-night in my rooms. Ready, Miss Yorke?"

Without looking at him, Sally got to her feet. She nodded good-night to Tony, and preceded Dane from the dining-room, her head held high.

(Continued on next page.)



YOU'LL want to make this wonderfully useful waste paper basket. It's twenty inches tall; and would look very well in your hall or sitting-room.

HOTEL MIRADOR.

(Continued from previous page.)

Small spots of colour had sprung in her cheeks and a vexed brightness shone in her eyes, but she went straight to the lift and did not demur when Dane followed her into the compartment.

The door slid across, the attendant pressed a button and they ascended silkily to the first floor. Again she preceded Dane, walked along the corridor, and stopped at the door of Suite Seven.

SHE turned to him abruptly. "What do you propose to do—lock me in?"

His smile was bland.

"Come now, Miss Yorke. You've had a long day. I thought it was understood that you would dine in your sitting-room."

"I didn't say I would. I'm accustomed to taking plenty of exercise and even after a few hours I did need a change from the suite."

"You soon found a friend. Have you discovered that Pierre de Chalain has plans for Tony—plans which include the steady influence of a wife?"

From him, too? It was unbelievable! Sally stared at him. "Tony de Chalain said as much,

Hall Tidy

TO make the waste-paper basket, you'll need:

A round piece of wood, 2 inches in diameter; nine yards of No. 15 cane; half a pound of lapping cane, for weaving; fifteen oval wood beads, already drilled with centre holes of 4½ millimetres; poster paint or enamel; colourless varnish; glue.

First of all, put the cane in cold water to soak for ten minutes before use. Then, drill fifteen 4½-millimetre holes at regular intervals round the edge of the wood base—about a quarter-inch from the edge.

Cut the No. 15 cane into fifteen pieces, nineteen inches long, and glue one cane into each hole. Paint the base and leave to dry.

Now, weave the lapping cane round the spokes until only a quarter inch remains, finishing off by gluing the cane to a spoke. Fix a bead on the top of each cane with glue.

Brush one coat of varnish all over the basket and this will make it very firm indeed.

You will find the materials are obtainable from any of the handicraft shops stocking "Atlas" products.

but I decided he was a little mad. I arrived in Shiran only this afternoon, intent only on my job, and . . . well, that's all. Monsieur de Chalain and his son are strangers to me. How can you possibly have such wild ideas!"

"They're not so wild. My partner would give a great deal to see Tony settle down to business and take a sensible wife, but his trouble was to find the right type of girl. This afternoon," he observed with irony, "you stepped right into his path, and he feels you may be the answer."

"Did he tell you that?" she demanded, aghast.

"He didn't have to. If you remember," he added drily, "I was there when you met Pierre de Chalain, and when he told me that Tony had agreed to leave his friends at El Riza and come to Shiran until his future is settled, I knew the way his thoughts had flown. He's going to make an all-out bid to get Tony established; once and for all."

"As far as I'm concerned, it's fantastic. I want no part in it!"

"Good for you, Sally," he said negligently. "It's best to be clear about things from the beginning. In any case, a girl like you couldn't settle in Morocco. You'd be pining all the time for cool green hills and woolly sheep."

Sally curbed the rising flames. "You don't have to be contemptuous of humdrum people like me, Mr. Ryland. We have a good many things that you haven't, and most of us prefer to stay the way we are. I am not responsible for the ridiculous notions of your partner, and I certainly don't want to know anything more about them. If you think . . ."

But his hand closed so tightly over her arm that she winced and stopped speaking.

Three people were coming along the corridor, a bald and prosperous American, his wife and an incredibly sweet daughter.

Dane bowed to them.

"Good-evening, madame . . . monsieur . . . mademoiselle. I trust you will enjoy your dinner."

"We've never stayed in a finer hotel, Mr. Ryland," the wife cooed as they passed.

The blonde daughter slanted Dane a come-hither look but was silent.

When they were out of earshot, he looked down at Sally.

"I believe you are angry because I prised you loose from Tony de Chalain. Ah well, life is full of small disappointments."

He took her key, opened the suite door and stood aside for her to enter.

"Have an early night," he said. "You need a rest. The doctor will call in at about nine tomorrow morning, and we'll go up and see Mike soon afterwards. Don't forget about wearing something special!"

"I'm here as a physiotherapist—nothing more!"

He looked at her, calculatingly.

"Are you sure about that? Somehow, I've gathered that you've something beside your job on your mind, though I can't think what it could be, in Morocco."

"Good-night, Mr. Ryland," she said stiffly.

"Good-night, Miss Yorke. Don't look out at the moon—it might bewitch you into forgetting Cumberland for a minute, and that wouldn't do, would it?"

The door closed noiselessly. Before the man could have taken a pace she slipped the bolt into place with a snap he must have heard, and felt better for it.

She took a few paces, so that she could see the light through the French window. Dane Ryland must have known there was no moon; and she was fairly sure that he also knew her first action would be just this—a peering into the darkness in search of a magic she would rather not find. The man was impossible!

(To be continued in "Woman's Weekly".)

I'M SURE you will want to read more of this fascinating serial. You'll find the second instalment in next week's "WOMAN'S WEEKLY", with which we are joining forces. YOUR EDITOR.

THE LADY'S NOT FOR DATING.

(Continued from page 19.)

"Y'know," he said, "I must be psychic : one of my grannies came from the Highlands—I had a feeling this was going to be my lucky evening."

"Please," she said. "I've a lot to do—I really must go."

"Still dodging me." He sighed. "Pity. I grow on people. You don't give me a chance."

"What would you suggest?" she asked.

"That's better." He brightened instantly. "Suppose we start with dinner at the *Florence*?"

She smiled.

"Isn't that rather rushing things?"

"Precisely," he said. "You will say we hardly know each other in spite of our recent perilous adventure together. Well, this is our chance to improve on that. That's a reasonable proposition, I think."

"You're very persistent," she said.

"Please," he repeated stolidly, by no means the brash young man he had appeared to be earlier. "You might find I wasn't too bad, after all."

She laughed softly. She hadn't laughed quite like that for weeks.

"Suppose I have another engagement?"

"I'll break his neck," he said, "willingly. No trouble at all."

"I think you're quite crazy," she said, "and I don't know why I bother with you."

"Fine, fine!" he said. "I feel the opposition is cracking. I'll be back in forty-five minutes, hammering on the door. And I bet you're a wonderful dancer!"

"Well, really," she began to say in protest, smiling in spite of herself at his eagerness. "This is all rather quick, isn't it?"

"Quic?" He grinned. "Gosh, I've been haunting you for weeks! Please say yes."

"I'll think about it."

"Back in forty-five minutes." He shook hands with himself delightedly. "I have a feeling this is my night. I'll book a table for eight-thirty."

"Perhaps," she said, and didn't know she was smiling.

She watched him climb into his little yellow car. He waved at her and roared off. For the whole of ten long minutes she was telling herself that it was really too fantastic to think about. Of course, she wasn't going out with him.

Kicking off her shoes, she sat and communed with herself in front of the mirror ; the heavy auburn hair that took so much looking after, the wide grey-green eyes that were far livelier than they

(Continued on next page.)

April 25th, 1959

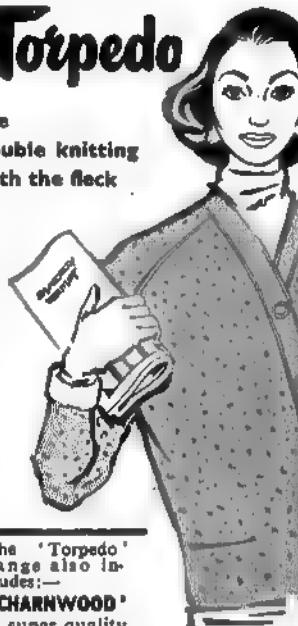
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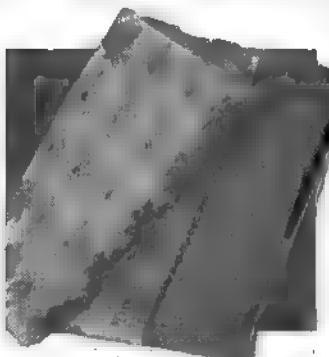
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THE LADY'S NOT FOR DATING.

(Continued from previous page.)

should have been after a tiresome day.

He was quite the most outrageous young man she had ever met.

London was full of young men like him, of course. And you had to keep them in their place.

She wasted precious minutes in front of her wardrobe . . . the French model that had swamped her savings would be the only possible thing to wear if you were thinking of the *Florence*.

She took it out and held it up in front of herself : the bodice of pale soft green and the spreading net skirt threaded with bronze.

She smiled softly at herself, her head on one side, her lips curving . . . it might be fun—and it didn't have to mean anything, did it? Just this one evening . . . ?

* * *

She was very prompt and when she heard the bell go ping-ping-ping she swept up her evening bag, took a last, quick look at her-

self in the mirror, and went out to meet him.

He looked at her with the air of a man who is more than content with what he sees.

"I hoped you'd come," he said softly.

"A last-minute decision," she said demurely, and shut the door behind her. "It seemed simpler."

"I knew it was my lucky night."

He smiled and held her arm as they went down the steps.

Carol halted abruptly as the thought came to her and began to rummage in her evening-bag. Leaning against him, she laughed quite helplessly.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"I hate to tell you!" she gasped. "It's too absurd—it must be the effect you have on me . . . I've done it again!"

"You have? Done what?"

"I've forgotten my key!" She was weak with laughing.

Gently but firmly, he sat her down.

"Don't move," he commanded, and before she could stop him he was up on the wall and pushing her window up, just as before.

He slid into the room, turned,

and, leaning his elbows on the window-sill, he smiled at her and said :

"This is becoming a habit, Carol. I'm not complaining, but if I'm to spend the rest of my life climbing through your window we ought to think about putting it on a more permanent basis. Like getting married, for instance?"

She wiped her eyes and drew a deep breath. She shook her head in bewilderment. It was the oddest way of proposing to a girl that she had ever heard of . . .

"Well?" he said conversationally. "This is the balcony scene in reverse. How about it, Juliet?"

"You're absolutely crazy!" she whispered, the laughter still bubbling inside her. "You don't know what you're saying."

"You need your own private burglar," he said. "And I don't know anybody better fitted for the job than myself . . . just give it your earnest thought."

Carol was smiling; the prospect didn't seem to alarm her very much. She was realising how much time there was ahead of them . . . all the time in the world, perhaps . . .

THE END.

JUST YOUR LUCK!

YOUR fortune, foretold by ASTRA, for the week commencing Saturday, April 25th, 1959.

ARIES (March 21—April 20)

A fine week for developing one of your many talents. Life should be gayer than usual, and you'll find new company most enjoyable. Teen-agers will dream and play a lot.

TAURUS (April 21—May 20)

You could be too outspoken for your own good! The man in your life will admire your sense of humour in a vexing situation. A stroke of luck shows for Friday.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20)

Others will say that there's something special about you. Your vitality and your interest in people will attract new friends, wherever you may go. A short journey is very likely.

CANCER (June 21—July 20)

You're always good at solving problems. This week your affairs should run smoothly, but you'll help friends and relatives with their worries. Your week-end looks highly romantic.

LEO (July 21—Aug. 21)

A loved one may make you cross, but harmony will soon prevail. By mid-week you'll feel like an amateur when tackling a challenging job—but you'll manage it very well.

VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22)

This week you'll make the atmosphere seem brighter. Nice things will happen to you, and to your family, one after the other. Good grooming pays highly—especially for teen-agers.

LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22)

You may miss your beauty sleep at the beginning of the week, fretting—or thinking of exciting changes. Around Thursday, you'll see your way clear. Good time for house hunters.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22)

Accept a chance to use your intelligence and organising ability. Fresh responsibilities now are good for you. A new friendship will show romantic undertones and bring great pleasure.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20)

Propitious days for bringing new interests into your life; new colour and beauty into your home. Be a good companion to your man—he'll appreciate a give-and-take attitude.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

You'll enjoy this week, though you may find your dear ones possessive and stubborn. Luck will be with you and Cupid won't be far away. Romance could begin at the week-end.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Sudden attractions, exciting romance are foreseen. This looks like the time you've been waiting for. Only one word of warning: don't forget a promise you made quite a while ago!

PISCES (Feb. 19—March 20)

You may think that only your friends are enjoying themselves and feel frustrated. Not for long! You'll suddenly find yourself in the midst of a group of delightful, friendly people.

NEXT week you can read your horoscope in "WOMAN'S WEEKLY".

*Calling all
Cooks . . .*

. . . here are a few tips that will help make life in the kitchen so much easier :

FOR economy, instead of using egg when frying fish, mix together one teaspoonful of custard powder and two tablespoonfuls of cold water and season with salt and pepper. Dip the fish in this, coat with breadcrumbs and fry as usual.

WHEN cooking kippers, place them head downwards in a large earthenware jug and cover all but the tails with boiling water. Cover with a saucer and leave for five minutes when they will be perfectly cooked.

TO facilitate getting sponge sandwiches and cakes in and out of storage tins, fold a piece of waxed paper from a cereal packet. Place the cake on the centre and lower into the tin by the ends of the paper.

AFTER making cakes and sandwiches, rub the tins, whilst still warm, with greased paper. This will clean them adequately and leave them ready for use.

WHEN filling sandwich cakes with jam or icing, spread half the filling on each section of cake. This prevents the cake coming apart when cut.

APINCH of bicarbonate of soda, added to rhubarb or acid fruits such as gooseberries while cooking, will neutralise the acid and you will need less sugar.

CUSTARD powder, mixed with cold water, will take the place of beaten egg or milk for brushing over pastry or scones just before putting them into the oven.

A TABLESPOONFUL of orange marmalade, added to a fruit cake before putting in the fruit, will improve the flavour and help keep the cake moist.

PREPARE green vegetables in the usual way, put them into a saucepan and pour boiling water over them so that the bottom of the saucepan is covered. Sprinkle with salt to taste, put on a well-fitting lid and boil rapidly. The vegetables will keep their colour and are a better flavour.

April 25th, 1959

* PLAYBOX CORNER *

TWO rather artistic young weasels
Bought paintboxes, brushes and easels.

But the silly young clots
Painted nothing but dots,
Till they looked as if both had
the measles !

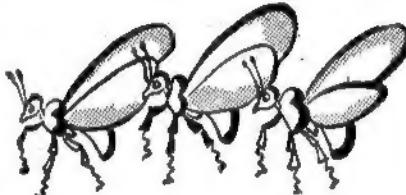


DEAR Boys and Girls,

Here are two more limericks for you to chuckle over! Look out for tales about the Robin Family in "Woman's Weekly" every week — I'm sure you'll adore them!

Lots of love.

AUNT MOLLY.



THREE ants from the hills of Mendip

Decided to hike to Ruislip.
On the outskirts of Frome
They were sickening for home
So they cancelled the rest of their trip.

JUNGLE JINKS



1. "See this notice, boys!" Peter Parrot called out, as he went into the hollow tree. "Let's explore it!" said Oswald Ostrich excitedly. They all followed Peter into the tree, where some steps led downstairs . . .



2. They led into a wonderful cavern below, where merry old Mister Mole was waiting for them. "You know, Jungle Boys, it's time for tea and cakes," he laughed. "Now set to and make them all disappear!" You may be sure they did!

Ask Mrs. Jim

"MRS. JIM" helps readers with their personal problems . . .

Dear "Mrs. Jim"—I'm awfully in love with someone whose ideas are much more worldly than my own. He laughs at me because I think it's wrong for a girl to visit a man's flat alone, or to go away for a holiday with him unchaperoned. He says my ideas are Victorian! Can a girl afford to ignore these conventions and still keep a man's respect?

WHETHER or not you keep a man's respect depends entirely upon your behaviour. You could visit his flat or go away on holiday together, as lots of young couples do these days, and still retain his good opinion if you never behave cheaply. But my one objection to doing these things is that it puts too great a strain on your emotions. When you marry it will be so much more wonderful if you have saved up all the sweet intimacies for the proper time. It's really a matter of common sense!—To "Judy-Anne."

Anxious Parent.

How can we save our daughter, who is madly in love with a man we know to be a bit of a scoundrel? He has a shocking reputation, but she refuses to listen to our warnings and is out with him all the time. As she is over twenty-one, we have no control over her actions.

IF you have actual proof that his bad reputation is deserved, then I think your husband should try to see this man and warn him off. In the meantime, I advise you to try to gain your daughter's confidence. Have a woman-to-woman talk with her and try, with sympathy and understanding, to guide her, as obviously she will not be driven. Your great hope is that she may discover this man's worthlessness before things go too far.—To "F. D. S." (Bradford).

His Dog.

My fiancé owns a boxer and is absolutely crazy about it. Our week-ends are largely devoted to taking Rex for hearty walks in the country—he will never stay out late if Rex is alone in the house. When planning our honeymoon, he said: "We couldn't take Rex abroad on account of quarantine." So it looks as if the dog is going to order our lives! It's rather a frightening thought . . .

AS a great lover of animals myself, I do understand your fiancé's consideration for his dog, but I think you could always arrange things tactfully so that Rex is not allowed entirely to disrupt your lives! But unless you are a dog lover, too, I'd advise you to think twice before marrying that man! The shared love of a pet can be a tremendous bond of sympathy between two people. If not shared—quite the opposite!—To "Sally".

EVERY week, in "Woman's Weekly", with which "Home Chat" is merging, Mrs. Marryat replies to readers who have private worries and who seek her helpful advice. Her address, like "Mrs. Jim's", is The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4.

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No. 3344

A Thought for Every Day

"I AM the light of the world," said Christ. But to His disciples He also said, "Ye are the light of the world," and one of my readers is puzzled by the two statements.

There is no conflict really. Jesus was speaking, in the first case, of light at its source, and in the second, of light at the point of illumination. Essentially, it is the same thing: the difference is between the power-station and the lamp. Christ's light alone can overcome the world's deep darkness, and it becomes our light, for our part of the world, when we accept Him as Lord and Saviour.

Obviously, all the power in the power-house will be useless to us if our house isn't wired to receive it. But the Bible says that it is. "Every man that cometh into the world" is equipped to receive the true light of Christ: that, I believe, is the meaning of John 1. 9. So it is just a question of switching on. The scribes and Pharisees, educated men and good after their fashion, were not prepared to do it, which is why, in the sight of God they were "blind guides".

I owe much to letters from "Home Chat" readers. I wish you the light of Christ on your way. God bless you.

A Prayer for the Week :

Lord, give us grace to follow Thee, that then, according to Thy promise, we may have the Light of Life.

Here are the week's Bible readings. Sunday : John 8. 12, 24, 31-37, 58. Monday : Isaiah 9. 2. Tuesday : Psalm 27. 1. Wednesday : Matthew 23, 12-19. Thursday : Acts 4. 11-12. Friday : 2 Corinthians 4. 3-6. Saturday : John 1. 1-4, 9-12.

Hugh Redwood.



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